No. 218 (New Series). Vol. 5. May 23, 1936

The PASSING SHOW 2D.

Over the WESTERN OCEAN by W. J. PASSINGHAM

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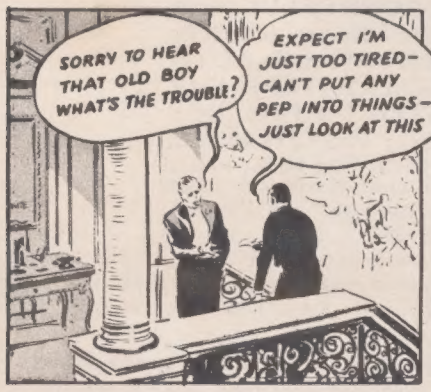
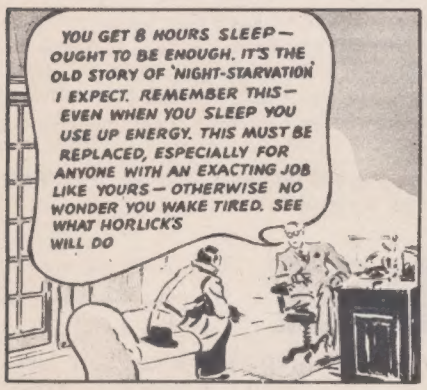
They said the Band Lacked Sparkle

— but I knew it was me . . .





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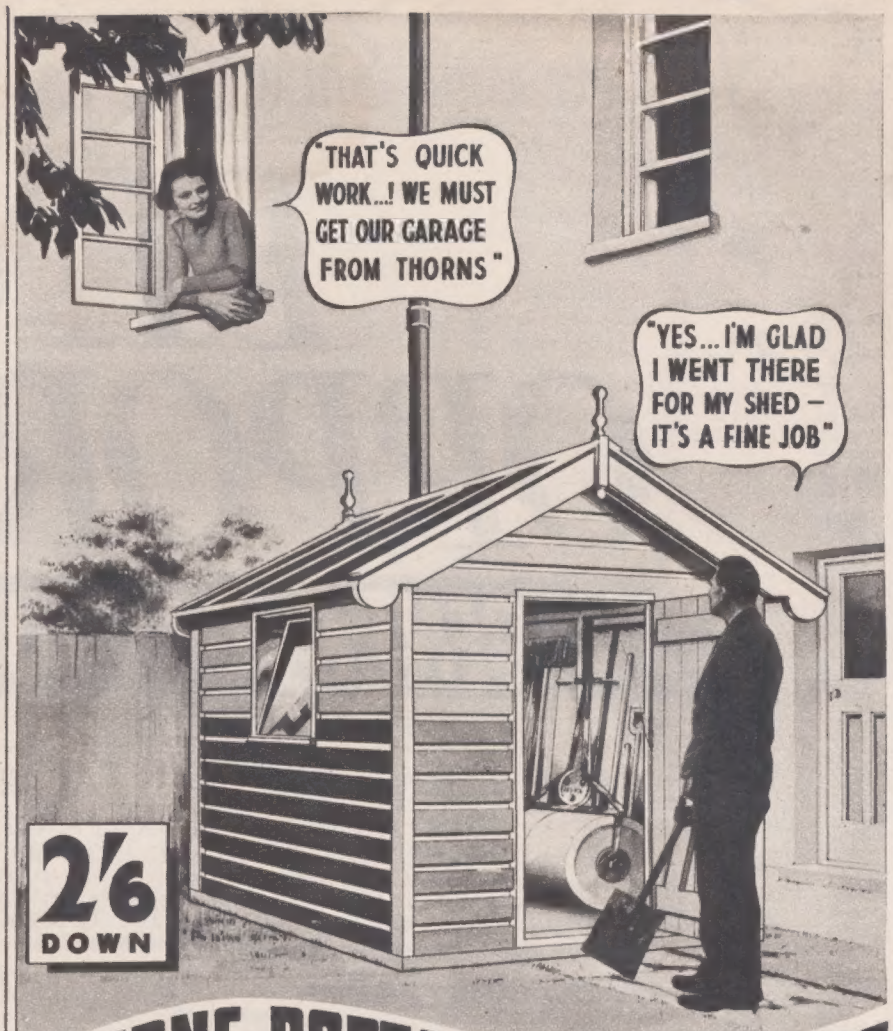

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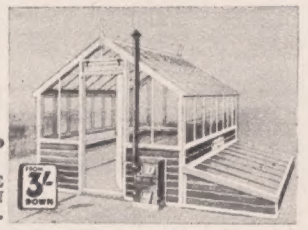

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8½ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	3 19 0	4/-	7/2
10 ft.	6½ft.	7 ft.	4 3 6	4/6	7/7
12½ft.	7½ft.	8½ft.	6 7 6	5/-	11/7

Many other sizes and designs.

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"The Passing Show's" Great TRIPLE Presentation!

FINAL OPPORTUNITY

URGENT! POST FORMS BELOW AT ONCE

EVERYONE is acclaiming "The Passing Show's" Great New TRIPLE Presentation as a WONDERFUL NEW IDEA. Scores of thousands of readers have hastened to accept this remarkable Presentation Offer which "The Passing Show" is making to celebrate its ever-increasing progress and popularity. Just think of it! A BEAUTIFUL STREAMLINED INLAID-LEVER, SELF-FILLING, GOLD NIB FOUNTAIN PEN GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS, A COMPANION PROPELLING PENCIL & A COMPANION PENKNIFE WITH TWO BLADES OF MIRROR-POLISHED SHEFFIELD STEEL, TO MATCH—BRITISH MADE—A GIFT SET WORTH 10s.6d.

Have you yet applied for YOUR Set? If not, YOU MUST HURRY. THIS IS YOUR FINAL OPPORTUNITY. The forms below will not appear again next week. Fill them in and post AT ONCE. You have not a minute to lose. All applications will be treated in strict rotation. YOU SEND NO MONEY NOW. In order to make it easier than ever for you to qualify, "The Passing Show" places your Presentation Voucher in your hands now—it is actually printed on the opposite page.

This Set is a remarkable New Idea

The Pen, Pencil and Penknife are all made to match in a brilliant black material—The Fountain Pen is fitted with a **guaranteed 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium**—thus ensuring a perfect pen with years of writing service. The Pen is perfectly fashioned out of a new unbreakable material. It is fitted with the latest classic style clip, and has a Safety sleeve device on the pencap, protecting the nib when not in use and preventing leakage. **The Pen is guaranteed for two years.**

The Ever-pointed Pencil is of the same unbreakable material as the pen. It is fitted with the new classic style clip and has a non-overturnable propel, repel and expel movement. There is a lead container at the top of the pencil and extra leads are provided. Both the Pen and the Pencil are of an attractive modern streamline design, specially constructed and finished to give perfect balance.

The companion Penknife, finished to match, which completes this handsome Set, is fitted with two special quality, mirror polished, **Sheffield steel blades.**

Would you like a DE LUXE SET?

Realising what a lifetime companion this Presentation will be to readers—the almost hourly usefulness it will give—the admiration it will create amongst your friends—"The Passing Show" has arranged for a limited supply of these superb Sets to be produced in a really high quality De Luxe Style. This De Luxe Set is of rare workmanship and beauty. Not only is every feature of the Standard Set to be found in this De Luxe Set, but, in addition, the entire De Luxe Set is made more valuable, more magnificent, more desirable than ever, by the inclusion of an exquisite piece of craftsmanship, usually found in only really high-class Sets. The De Luxe gold nib Fountain Pen is richly enhanced by TWO INLAID BANDS OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD. But that isn't all! The Propelling Pencil, too, is embellished by an INLAID BAND OF REAL 18-CARAT ROLLED GOLD. For the small nominal extra amount you send for this De Luxe Set, it really is a Presentation in a million.

DO THIS NOW

First fill in the Reservation Form "A" below. This reserves your Set in your name in the Style you specify—Standard OR De Luxe—and MUST be sent to us at once, together with the Label "B" which must have a halfpenny stamp firmly affixed. **DO NOT SEND ANY MONEY WITH THESE FORMS. BE SURE TO INDICATE WHICH STYLE YOU WANT RESERVED.** You should also indicate on your Voucher on the opposite page the style you have chosen.

On receipt of the Reservation Form "A" and Label "B" with a halfpenny stamp affixed, "The Passing Show" will immediately set aside and reserve in your name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife in the style you specify.

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE is your Presentation Voucher on which you start right away to qualify for your Set. **You are asked to keep this Voucher carefully and affix to it 12 tokens (Series A) from 12 successive issues of "The Passing Show."** Begin this week with token **No. "A2,"** which you will find in the **bottom right-hand corner** of the page facing the inside back cover of this issue.

No person may apply for more than one Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife.

HURRY

It's now or never if you want to secure this Presentation of such lifelong value and usefulness. Fill in the FINAL RESERVATION FORMS below and post TO-DAY, before it's too late.

FINAL RESERVATION FORMS! POST AT ONCE

CUT AROUND DOTTED RULE (Do not separate Reservation Form and Label)

IMPORTANT.—It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent MUST hold a written order from you for the regular supply of "The Passing Show". If he holds no written order from you, you MUST HAND THE FORM "C" BELOW TO YOUR NEWSAGENT TO-DAY.

C "PASSING SHOW" 2d. Every Friday. ORDER FORM

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

A POST AT ONCE! Send no money with this form

FINAL RESERVATION FORM

The Label on the right MUST bear a halfpenny stamp and be filled in with your name and FULL POSTAL ADDRESS very clearly written in BLOCK LETTERS.

This Reservation Form, with Label on right may be posted in unsealed envelope bearing halfpenny stamp.

This form reserves in your name the Presentation of a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife.

To Dept. (P.W.2) "The Passing Show," 3 Arne Street, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with the simple conditions of your special offer, please reserve in my name a Fountain Pen, Pencil and Penknife. The newsagent whose name and address are below for verification purposes holds my written order for the regular weekly supply of "The Passing Show." I certify I have not applied for another Presentation Set under this scheme. **N.B.—You MUST indicate below the Style—Standard or De Luxe—which you wish reserved in your name.**

STANDARD SET {You MUST cross out} {Set NOT required.} DE LUXE SET

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

READER'S NAME .....
(State Mr., Mrs. or Miss.)

ADDRESS .....

.....

NAME OF NEWSAGENT .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE .....

LEAVE BLANK Checked ..... District Supervisor.

This special Reservation Form must be received by NOT later than Wednesday, June 3.

"Passing Show," 23/5/36.

B

Halfpenny Stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by YOU

NAME .....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

P.S.2 P.K.

This Superb 10/6 GIFT SET for every Reader

KEEP THE VOUCHER BELOW

and " With Care " Label until you have qualified for your Set. Then complete and send in as directed. Do not enclose any other correspondence.

The Passing Show Presentation Voucher

for Fountain Pen, Propelling Pencil & Penknife

Post to:—Presentation Dept., " The Passing Show," Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2

I CERTIFY that the tokens affixed to this Voucher were cut from twelve consecutive issues of " The Passing Show " purchased from the newsagent whose name and address are given below for verification purposes. Please send my Fountain Pen, Pencil, and Penknife in the style (Standard or De Luxe) specified below, to the address on my " With Care " Label. I have indicated type of nib I require, and enclose Postal Order as specified below which **includes postage, packing in carton, and insurance, etc.** I am not qualifying for another Set under this scheme.

A2 TO QUALIFY

Above is an illustration showing a token similar to those you are asked to cut out from twelve consecutive issues of " Passing Show." Tokens appear in the **RIGHT-HAND** bottom corner of the page facing the inside back cover of " Passing Show." Affix each Token with paste or gum, **NOT** pins.

1	7
2	8
3	9
4	10
5	11
6	12

STANDARD SET — 1/10

DE LUXE SET — 2/9

YOU MUST CROSS OUT SET NOT REQUIRED.

VERY IMPORTANT ← Please do this immediately.

STYLE OF NIB. A Nib can be fitted to the Fountain Pen to suit your hand. Please indicate which style you would like. **Broad / Medium / Fine** — Strike out styles NOT required.

P.O. Number..... Value..... Date.....

Write your name and address on the back of P.O., cross / & Co. / and make payable to " The Passing Show." If remitting 1/10 send P.O. for 1/6 with fourpence in stamps firmly affixed. If remitting 2/9 send P.O. for 2/6 with threepence in stamps firmly affixed. **Do not send loose stamps.**

Your Signature .....

WRITE CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS

NAME ..... (Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

.....

Give your Newsagent's name and address below :—

NEWSAGENT .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Leave Blank for Office Use. VERIFIED. ..... District Supervisor.

Before sending in this Voucher read the simple directions on left carefully.

WITH CARE

NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

P.S. If undelivered, please return to "The Passing Show" 46 Castle St., London, W.C.2 **P.K.**

THE STANDARD STYLE

Above is an illustration of the Standard Set. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

THE SUPERB DE LUXE STYLE

Above is an illustration of the exquisite De Luxe Set with the INLAID ROLLED GOLD BANDS on pen and pencil. Illustration slightly enlarged to show more clearly the streamline beauty of this Set.

HOW TO QUALIFY

YOUR Reservation Form "A," which is on the opposite page, MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE together with the Label "B" to which you must affix a halfpenny stamp. This reserves your Set in your name in the Style you specify—Standard OR De Luxe. Cut out the Reservation Form "A" and label "B" and post them now.

It is a condition of this Presentation that your newsagent holds a written order from you for regular supply of "The Passing Show."

On the right is your Presentation Voucher. Keep it carefully until you have qualified for your set. To qualify for your Set cut out the token, Series "A," from the RIGHT-HAND bottom corner of the page facing the inside back cover of " The Passing Show." Do this with TWELVE consecutive issues. Affix each token to the Voucher with paste or gum—NOT pins. Applicants from this announcement may commence with No. "A2" in this issue. NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED. Having collected TWELVE separate tokens from 12 weekly issues of "The Passing Show," complete the Voucher and "With Care" Label as requested.

When your Voucher is completed—that is, after the twelve weeks and NOT before—it MUST be sent in to "The Passing Show" accompanied by a Postal Order for **1s. 10d.** (one shilling and tenpence), which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., on your Set. If you require the **De Luxe Set** send **11d. extra,** making **2s. 9d.** in all, which includes postage, packing, insurance, etc.

Upon receipt of properly completed Voucher and "With Care" Label, together with Postal Order for the correct amount, your Set, in the style specified, will be immediately dispatched to you.

GENERAL NOTES.—After the completed Voucher is sent in, allow a few days for your Set to reach you. No person may qualify for more than one Set and no Set will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland or Irish Free State. Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

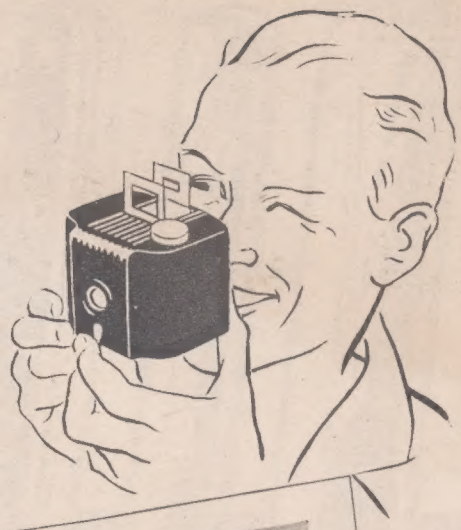
WRITTEN GUARANTEE FOR 2 YEARS

accompanies each Pen

Have you a Friend

who would like to join in this Great Presentation? A Presentation such as this is something everyone will want to enjoy—so why not do your friend a good turn by calling his attention to this announcement? Tell him to get a copy of this issue of "The Passing Show" to-day before it's sold out! He'll thank you for pointing out this amazing opportunity.

It's twice as much fun when you SNAP IT!



—and it's so easy to snap it with the *Baby* '*Brownie*', the new arrival in the 'Brownie' family. You simply aim—and press the trigger. Smooth modern streamlining; tested Kodak lens. The Baby 'Brownie' takes a No.127 Kodak Film, and costs only **5/-**

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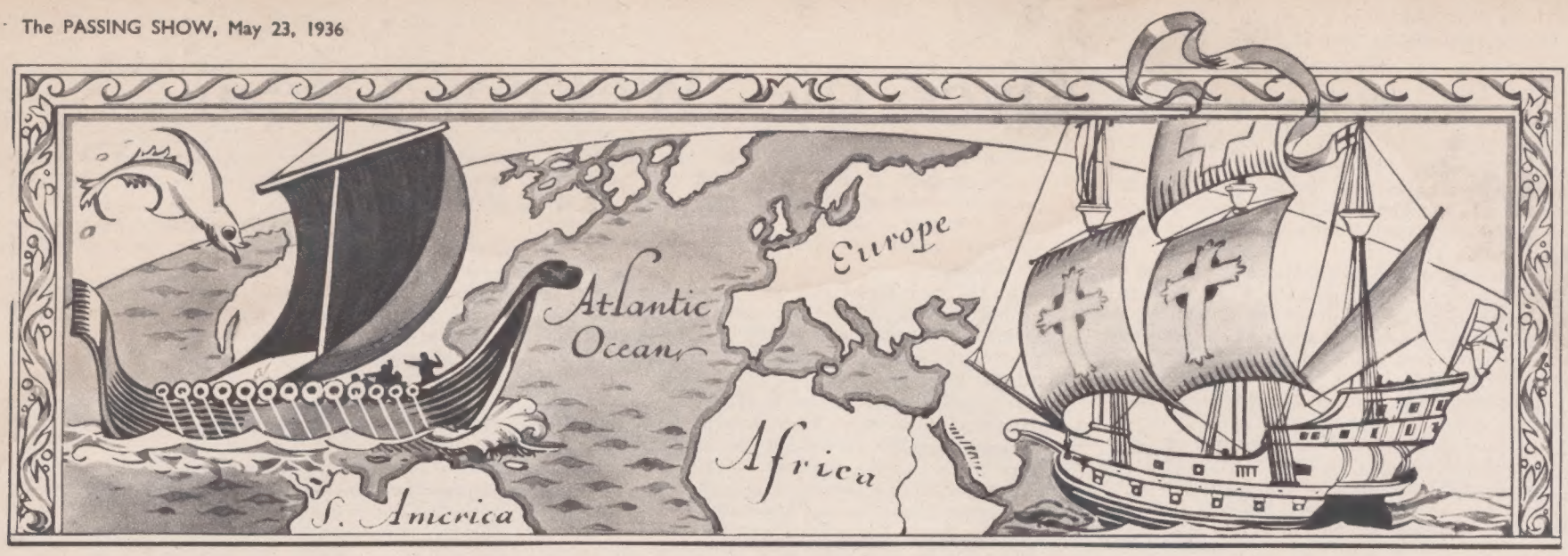


Over the Western Ocean

BEAUTIFUL Clotilda stood before her lord in dire distress, with two long tresses of flaxen, plaited hair held in each trembling hand.

"Thy son is bewitched," she declared. "Long have I suspected it, and now I know. Thorgunna, the Scarlet Witch, holds his head to her breasts, and he is spellbound."

Erik the Red, Lord and founder of Brattahlid, the Norwegian colony in Greenland, stirred uneasily in his great seat upon the dais, and nodded his head.

"By Odin, you are right, Clotilda," he growled. "I, too, have beheld this same thing, and I have a plan. I swore to King Olaf Tryggvason that I would make a voyage into the Sea of Darkness to pluck the treasures stored up since the Beginning by the Sea Gods. Now my bones stiffen with the years, and the days of voyaging for me are numbered.

"Our son shall make the journey in the big dragon galley beyond the sea to where legend says there is a great New Land—and thus he will forget the spells of Thorgunna the Witch.

"Five and thirty of the young men he shall take with him, and with him also shall go Tyrker the Wise. I will number among them Haki and Hacki, the two Scots presented to me by King Olaf himself. Now go and leave me to make my plans in peace."

But Clotilda, the mother, lingered in spite of her lord. "Let us pray to Frey and the White Christ that he finds land before the Falling-Off-Place," she said tremulously.

And behold, in the one thousand and third year after the White Christ, Lief Eriksson, son of Erik the Red and of Thjodhild the Stately, set forth from Greenland to find a New Land which the Norse sagas declared was near to the Falling-Off-Place—the Pit of Darkness, which is the Edge of the World.

The first known voyage to the New World was made by Lief Eriksson and a crew of thirty-five men in a Norse galley about 75 feet in length, and with a beam of about 17 feet. This ship was one of about 20 tons, with a gunwale only 3 feet above the water and a bow and stern rising to about 6½ feet in height.

Her draught must have been only 3 feet 7 inches, and she was assisted through the water by thirty-two oars—sixteen aside. There were shutters over the oar-holes to keep out the sea, and these first Atlantic voyagers slept under a *tjald*—a sheet of material stretched over them from side to side of the ship.

Lief Eriksson's voyage was made during the summer of A.D. 1003, and he seems to have met with good weather throughout the journey to what is now called America. The land first sighted they called "Helluland, where no grass grew," and about which little information is available. They set out again from Helluland, and came to another country "level and wooded and with much white sand."

This place they called "Markland," meaning Forest Land, and it has since been identified as Hamilton Inlet, Labrador.

From Hamilton Inlet, Eriksson went farther southward along the coast of the New World until he sighted Cape Cod. He landed on Nauset Island, north of Nantucket, where "the dew tasted sweeter than anything they had tasted before." This is evidently an early description of that natural phenomenon we know as honey-dew—dew impregnated with particles of flowers and strongly scented. According to the records available, the landing was made about the beginning of August, 1003.

Haki and Hacki, the two Scots, went out to explore the land, and returned to the ship "carrying a wonder"—a bunch of grapes. Thus the first name for America was "Vinland," and this tract of country extended—according to the Norsemen—southwestward from the north of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, to Block Island.

Lief Eriksson evidently missed the Falling-Off-Place, for he returned to Greenland safely and died there about the year 1020.

When the *Queen Mary* leaves for her record breaking dash across the Western Ocean she will follow in the wake of pioneers whose stories make fascinating reading.

by

W. J. PASSINGHAM

Isabella of Spain looked down at the calm, confident man standing below the dais, and, in spite of herself, was impressed by his earnestness and knowledge. An adviser at her elbow suggested a question, and the queen repeated it.

"Christobal Colon," she said, "why are you so sure that the Kingdom of the Grand Khan lies on the other side of the Sea of Darkness?"

The great sailor known to English history as Christopher Columbus leaned forward excitedly. This moment was to end an eighteen years' struggle for patronage for the scheme which dominated his life.

"Your Majesty," he replied, "the Sea of Darkness, that stretches beyond us to the West, must lap around the earth till on the other side it washes the shores of Cathay. A ship which will sail steadily West must come to the Seven Thousand Islands of the Indies—and the Kingdom of the Great Khan."

"I believe you," declared Isabella, after a few minutes' whispered consultation with her advisers. "You shall have your ships, my Christobal. What now?"

"First," said Columbus, firmly, "I must hold Your Majesty's commission as Admiral of the Ocean and Viceroy of all those islands, seas, and continents I shall discover."

After much argument, Columbus had his way. The agreement of Santa Fé was signed, which granted the great sailor his titles and status, and on Friday, August 3, 1492, at 8 a.m. precisely, Christopher Columbus set sail from Palos on his historic voyage across the Atlantic Ocean.

His expedition consisted of three vessels. He himself commanded the *Santa Maria*, a decked ship of 100 tons, with a crew of 52 men. Among these were an Englishman and an Irishman, the rest being Spaniards, Italians, and Portuguese. The other two vessels were the *Pinta* and the *Nina*, both caravels of 50 and 40 tons respectively and each with crews of 18 men.

In these days, when every square mile of the Atlantic has been explored and charted, it is difficult to appreciate the courage of the men who accompanied Columbus—who defied legend and superstition to dare the perils of what they called, for want of a better name, the Sea of Darkness.

Three days after they left Palos the *Pinta* lost her rudder, and the expedition had to put in at Teneriffe for repairs. Away again on September 6, with all haste, because Columbus learned that three Potuguese caravels were on the way to intercept him.

"All the time," wrote Columbus, "we had temperate breezes, and the sweetness of the mornings are delightful. The weather is like an Andalusian April, and only the song of the nightingale is wanting."

Then, about September 17, the men began to murmur among themselves in fear.

"Remember," they said to Columbus, "the Falling-Off-Place,and that women and children await our return home."

(*continued overleaf*)

Continuing Over the Western Ocean

On September 25, the captain of the *Pinta*, Martin Pinzon, raised the cry of "Land!" But the captain was mistaken. Again the cry of "Land!" was raised, this time from the *Nina*, and again it was a false alarm.

Open revolt was now threatened aboard all three ships, while Columbus pleaded with his men for time. Then the *Pinta* fished up a bamboo stick and a bunch of grass on October 11. Later on that day the *Nina* picked up a floating branch covered with berries.

"And with these signs all of them breathed freely and were glad."

A sailor aboard the *Nina*, Rodrigo de Triana, announced, on October 12, 1492, the first appearance of the New World. The land sighted proved to be an island, called by the Indians, Guanahani. Columbus called it San Salvador, and later on some one altered the name to Watling Island.

Plymouth Harbour, September 6, 1620.

A square-rigged brigantine, double-decked, broad in beam, with her upper works rising high in the stern, is preparing to leave England on an epic voyage across the Atlantic Ocean. This is the *Mayflower*, a ship of 180 tons, and commanded by Captain Christopher Jones.

Already doubt and disappointment has beset the ship's company, for this is their third attempt to leave the shores of pagan England for ever and journey across the Atlantic to take possession of the land in New Jersey granted by King James I. People are kneeling on deck in prayer, while others stand to cheer and wave farewell to a vast crowd on the quay as the *Mayflower* slowly leaves her moorings.

The *Mayflower* has begun the most significant voyage ever made across the Atlantic. She is on her way at long last to a land where, it is rumoured, carnage, massacre, and disease prevail; a land about which the Pilgrim Fathers know nothing save the glorious fact that to reach it means freedom to worship God in their own way. Sixty-seven of the passengers have come straight from homes in England, and thirty-five are the real fathers of the church founded at Leiden, Holland, by John Robinson. These fathers of the new church prove to be the backbone of the ship's company.

From the shore they may be seen comforting the supplicants on deck.

"Courage, brother! We go to the Land of Farnesses, foretold by the prophet Isaiah to be the home of the Chosen of the Lord in the last days. Have faith!"

On the quay the people pray for and bid farewell to the brave band of pioneers. All ashore are alarmed at the crowded condition of the *Mayflower*, for she has 102 passengers packed aboard her wherever a sleeping nook can be found on a vessel planned to carry less than half the number. The *Mayflower* is said to have been the largest vessel of her time ever to cross the Atlantic, and to-day about twenty cabin passengers would close the list of reservations.

Bad weather accompanied the *Mayflower* throughout the voyage and none aboard her dreamed that there were now in fact two ships crossing the Atlantic for the "Land of Farnesses." While 102 pilgrims were journeying to found a great nation, a Dutch man-of-war was also on its way with a cargo of 20 negro slaves to create the greatest problem of American life to-day.

Worn out with anxiety, pelted with wind and rain for weeks on end, the Pilgrim Fathers were forced to seek a landing far south of the territory granted them in New Jersey. The ship at last anchored off the coast of Massachusetts on December 21, 1620.

As they reached the shore, the Pilgrim Fathers knelt down to give thanks to a God of Love for their safe journey, while farther down the coast twenty negroes were driven ashore with whips by men who also expected that same mercy they denied to their fellow creatures.

At a quayside on the Savannah River, Georgia, U.S.A., on Monday May 24, 1819, and on the river itself a floating curiosity which is the centre of attraction for a large and critical audience. Many of the onlookers are convulsed with laughter at the jokes and caustic criticisms levelled at the little ship moored to the quayside.

Nobody there realised that this little ship represented the "writing on the wall" for the proud sailing-clippers of the early nineteenth century. *Savannah* was only 130 feet in length, with a beam of 26 feet and a depth of 16½ feet; but together with her queer machinery she cost her owners £10,000 to build.

In the year 1819 the captains of such famous sailing ships as *New York*, *Canada*, and *Columbia* would not have touched little *Savannah* with the proverbial barge-pole, so great was the contempt for steam.

The great winged ships at that time could reach Liverpool from New York in twenty-three days—indeed, *Canada's* record for the eastward passage was fifteen days, eighteen hours. In the firm opinion of all experienced sailormen, the sailing-ship had proved itself the one and only type for long and fast voyages. The mere idea of a funnel belching forth smoke and filth amid a spread of snowy canvas was utterly repugnant.

So they stood on the quayside, and called her "stink-pot!" and laughed—laughed when little *Savannah* started on her voyage across the Atlantic under steam. The paddle-wheels on either side of her chugged away merrily, but as soon as they were well out to sea the uneasy captain ordered them to be stowed away on deck and then hoisted his sails. He had stood the mockery of his friends ashore very well, but was still a sailorman at heart.

Throughout the voyage he wavered between the weighty problems of sail and steam, and about halfway across the Atlantic he decided to give the machinery a chance. The paddle-wheels were placed in position, and soon black smoke was billowing away in the ship's wake.

Imagine the captain's amazement when he saw a great man-o-war bearing down upon him with all speed. He recognised the *Kite*, saw her brought about smartly, and then boats were hastily lowered and manned. A few minutes later a crowd of jolly tars were clamouring to come aboard to put out the fire!

After suitable volleys of abuse had been given and returned the captain of *Savannah* decided he would have no more of the machinery for a while, and shipped his paddle-wheels.

Savannah was first sighted by lighthouse keepers and coast-guards off the south coast of Ireland on June 17, and the captain thought it was high time to show off his machinery again. No sooner did smoke begin to issue from *Savannah's* funnel, however, than the captain saw signals hoisted ashore to assist a ship on fire. Hastily ordering the furnace to be damped down, the disgruntled skipper continued on his way under sail.

Eventually *Savannah* arrived at the mouth of the Mersey at 2 p.m. on Sunday, June 20, 1819, and, in spite of himself, the captain ordered the paddlewheels out again to show the confounded Englishmen what Americans could do. He dropped anchor in the Mersey after a passage of twenty-nine days, eleven hours—skipper of the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic! During the entire voyage, however, the intervals under steam amounted altogether to only eighty hours continuous working.

Savannah carried only 75 tons of coal for her Atlantic voyage.

It is 8.30 a.m. on Saturday, June 17, 1860, and at anchor on a fine morning in Southampton Water is the mighty ship *Great Eastern* which an awed public has renamed *Leviathan*. All along the shore by Netley Abbey, and in hundreds of rowing-boats, are crowds of people waiting to see the departure of an ocean giant on its much-advertised journey across the Atlantic to New York.

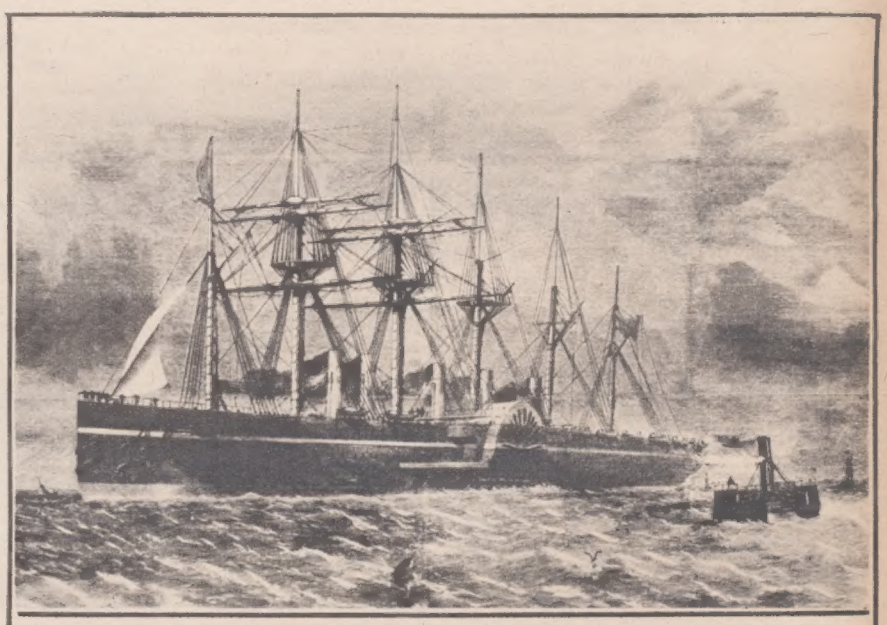
A great ship indeed is *Great Eastern*, designed by that famous engineer Isambard Brunel and built at a cost of £732,000.

Much was said and written about this remarkable vessel during the years 1858-60. Some there were who said she was far too big and cumbersome to have buoyancy over the long Atlantic rollers, while shrewder critics declared that not even the Royal Mint itself could afford to make good the losses she was bound to incur in running and maintenance expenses.

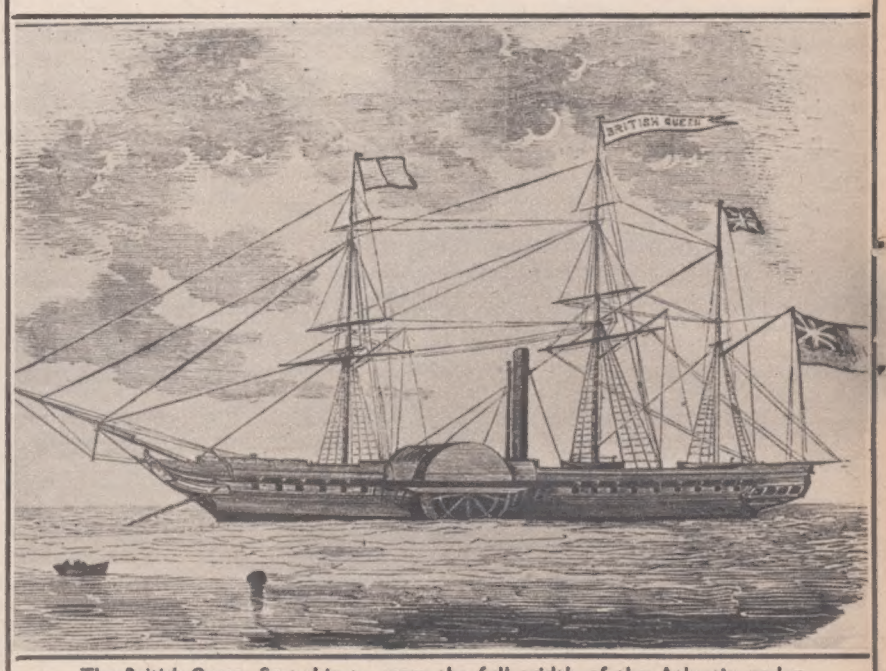
Great Eastern was, in fact, the biggest ship ever built at that time, and for twenty years afterwards nothing like her size was attempted by shipbuilders. She was 690 feet in length, with a beam of 83 feet (advertised as "twice the breadth of Pall Mall"), with a draught of 25 feet and gross tonnage 18,915 tons.

These dimensions staggered the experts of 1860, and while her departure was seen by thousands at Southampton, thousands more awaited her arrival in New York—if, they said, she ever gets as far as the Hudson River.

Well, there was never a doubt in the mind of her skipper, Captain John Vine Hall, who took her to sea with a confidence afterwards fully justified. But such were the dark rumours, only 37 passengers braved the outward journey, and when the ship rode the Atlantic rollers with scarcely a tremor, their fears quickly vanished. In fact, they began to feel



"The biggest failure in shipping history." This colossal Atlantic vessel, the *Great Eastern*, built at a cost of £732,000, proved a disastrous financial enterprise.



The *British Queen*, first ship to cross the full width of the Atlantic under her own steam.

The *Queen Mary*, mighty ocean greyhound, will cross the Atlantic in 4 days. A crossing in 1003, starting in the summer, finished sometime in autumn!

proud of her and one of the passengers afterwards wrote :

"Armed with half a dozen of Armstrong's guns, which carry a trifle over 5 miles, she would be a match for any ordinary fleet. With superior speed, solidity, and range of fire, under what possible combination of circumstances can it be conceived that she would be other than victorious in any engagement? And if the talk should be of invasion what an effect would be produced by the sight of the great ship steaming up mid-channel !"

Fine weather, except for occasional fog, prevailed throughout the voyage to New York—which occupied 11 days, 13 hours, 15 minutes. On occasions *Great Eastern* showed a speed which, translated from seafaring terms into motoring language, was about 14 m.p.h., but she was delayed considerably by fog. A wonderful reception awaited the ship at New York. Bands played, sirens shrieked, and, of course, there were those people who must fire guns on such occasions. So many people wanted to go over the ship that the owners charged a dollar each, and 50 cents for children, for his privilege.

The only people dissatisfied with *Great Eastern* were her owners, and they hid their fears until they went bankrupt and the ship was seized for debt. Then *Great Eastern* was taken off the passenger trade and refitted to lay the first Atlantic cable. She was also used to lay the French Atlantic cable, the Bombay-Suez cable, and the fourth and fifth Atlantic cables. This ship was finally sold by auction for £16,000 to be broken up, and she is always regarded as the biggest failure in shipping history.

Off Gravesend, on April 2, 1838, and two small steamships pass each other in the mouth of the Thames. An insignificant incident, perhaps, but wait for the story.

The little *Sirius*, a wooden paddler of 703 tons, and the *Great Western*, a similar vessel, are about to begin that international rivalry now called the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, a rivalry that has since cost leading nations of the world millions of pounds and provided that element of competition resulting in mighty liners of today tearing across the ocean in a never-ending struggle for supremacy in Atlantic trade.

Thus began the race for the Blue Riband of the Atlantic. And on the holding of this record very much has depended, for during the last century of Atlantic travel the fastest and largest ship has been awarded the cream of the trade. Moreover, the holding of the Blue Riband has become a matter of national prestige. The race across the Atlantic has been fraught with varying fortunes for a hundred years, the great prize being held first by one nation and then another.

After the *Sirius* and *Great Western* came, ten years later, *Britannia*—a ship of 1,150 tons and in reality the first Cunarder (it was the British North American Steam Packet Company then) to make a voyage across the Atlantic in 14 days. Competition grew keener with the years. There followed *Pacific*, with an average speed of 13 knots, *Persia*—which was the first ship with iron paddle-wheels to replace wooden ones—and *City of Paris* with a speed of 13½ knots.

America naturally wanted her share of the Atlantic trade, so did France and Germany, and the building of bigger and faster ships went forward with increasing speed. The White Star Line began in 1870 their long association with the famous shipbuilding firm of Harland & Wolff which, during 1874, resulted in the appearance of *Brittanic* and *Germanic*.

During the "eighties" ships of over 8,000 tons, with speeds of 18 knots, appeared. The Cunard line built *Etruria* and *Umbria* to compete against the *Brittanic*. Germany became a serious rival for the Blue Riband with *Deutschland*, and ships of 12,000 tons were now racing against each other across the Atlantic.

The present century opened with the building of real ocean giants such as the *Kaiserin Auguste Victoria*, of 24,000 tons, *America*, of similar tonnage, and *Adriatic*, of the White Star Line. In 1907 came *Lusitania* and that most famous of all holders of the Blue Riband, *Mauretania*. Both these were vessels of over 30,000 tons and with speeds of 24½ knots. The *Mauretania's* speed increased with the years, and in 1929—at twenty-two years of age ! —she made her fastest Atlantic crossing in 4 days, 17 hours, 49 minutes, with an average speed of 27.22 knots.

Faster still travelled *Bremen*, champion of Germany, and took the Blue Riband with a speed of 28 knots. Hardly was this last record established than the Italian liner *Rex* smashed it with a speed of 28¼ knots.

Now *Normandie*, with a gross tonnage of 79,250 tons, engines of 160,000 h.p., and a speed of 30 knots, is champion of the Atlantic Ocean.

Southampton Water, in May, 1936.

High above the dock sheds, the derricks—higher even than the tallest ship in Southampton Docks—in fact, 64 ft. higher than the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square, tower the masts of a new challenger for the Blue Riband of the Atlantic. When the tugs have "nosed" her into position outside the docks, there is an audience thousands strong waiting to see *Queen Mary* start on her maiden voyage to New York.

Great Britain's challenge for the coveted Blue Riband of the Atlantic ! A thousand-odd feet of steel will try to travel across the Atlantic Ocean at forty miles an hour, and aboard the ship more than 3,000 people will take part in the race. If the shades of Lief Eriksson and Columbus are about to-night, they will witness a luxury aboard this ship beyond their imagination.

They will see vast decks laid out with spacious lawns and flower beds, ringed about with fairy lights—two acres of recreation ground for the entertainment of passengers; a cinema showing the latest films released from London and Hollywood, and a theatre with a stage to accommodate the most elaborate productions.

Wide thoroughfares, lined with brilliantly lighted shops, offering the latest feminine fashions from London and Paris—beautiful furs, hats, shoes, jewellery !

As the mighty vessel meets the long Atlantic rollers, there is hardly a movement aboard to indicate that the real race has begun. Four mighty engines are driving the four largest propellers in the world—propellers weighing 35 tons each.

From ten spacious decks come sounds of music and revelry; from two radio stations aboard messages are sent and received from the four corners of the earth. Stocks and shares are changing hands in London and New York while *Queen Mary* is in mid-Atlantic.

A radio announcer keeps the whole world informed of the ship's progress and performance. Mile by mile her speed will be checked and marked on charts in every shipping office throughout the world. Millions of pounds are at stake in this race across the Atlantic, and while passengers will be entertained to the full, there is an enormous responsibility resting on the officers and crew.

The Hudson River is lined with all manner of craft crammed with spectators to catch the first glimpse of the British champion after she has passed the New York pilot-ship. Stop-watches will click, allowances for variations of time will be made, and the result . . . ?

Monarch's Wings

Snapper looked in and saw Kennedy with his feet on the desk and his hat over his eyes.

Complete Story by

Harold Titus

ILLUSTRATED BY OAKDALE

THIS will have to be a story without a hero. You can't make a hero out of Snapper De Kay. You can't make a hero out of an irritable, humourless chap like that. You can't make a hero out of anybody who goes around hitting strangers about nothing at all, or just over a remark they happen to make about an automobile.

Get it straight, then: No hero, this Snapper De Kay. Only an automobile worker who takes pokes at people for no reason at all. No good reason, I mean. For no better reason than that they've made a joke about a car. About a Monarch car.

But, mister, there's a villain in the piece. Oh, yes! No mistake about the villain. I can lead you right up to the villain, right to his noisy lair, and show him to you in all his ordinariness.

I can lead you to the villain's lair by going into the pressroom at the Monarch Motor Works and taking you up the line past those dozens, those scores, those hundreds, those acres of thumping, clacking, clattering presses; past batteries of little presses and ranks of medium-sized ones and files of big ones and lines of mighty ones until we come to that brace of walloping machines at the far end; those hulking, towering, double-action toggle presses; taller than a good-sized house, made up of half a thousand tons of metal and with the power to exert that many and then a lot more tons of pressure on the dies which are bedded in their bowels.

That's the villain's lair. That's where the villain of this yarn comes to life. Those giant toggles are the presses which take a sheet of steel to their embrace and draw it into one of those swanky front wings of which Monarch owners are so proud.

And that's the villain—that front wing. That's the part of an automobile that gobbles appropriations and ruins reputations and blights futures and ages young men and breaks old ones.

You're wondering, now, why a front wing is all this. You're thinking there must be lots of other automobile parts more difficult to make. That's where you're wrong, mister. That's where you don't know your way around this man's industry. Engines? Gears? Simple! You can tell how their metal will behave. You can tell to a fractional thousandth of an inch how the machines that shape them will function. You can check 'em with go and no-go gauges and then you'll know how they'll perform.

But you can't tell about sheet metal. It's temperamental. It's full of whims and fancies. It's like a high-strung kid or a nervous woman. You've got to know how to handle it, and there's no book to tell you; and when you learn what you learn, it's nothing you can put down on paper, if you understand. You handle sheet metal by feeling, by intuition, by, perhaps, sympathy. And all that goes for the dies that draw it, too.

Of all the sheet-metal work on an automobile, the front wing is the most trying. Some body parts are bigger, yes, but none of them get the punishment in process a front wing does, none of them take such contours, in none of them is the metal made to flow such distances. Anything this side of a front wing is comparatively simple, mister.

Ask anybody in any automobile plant here in Michigan. Ask it in the chromium-trimmed offices out in front of the Monarch works. They'll tell you that these eye-filling front wings you've seen these last few years are devilish enough to be the villain of any man's story. And if you don't believe them in those leather-upholstered offices, go back and ask Snapper De Kay.

He's trouble man on the toggles, see? It's his job to help those giant presses do their work with that contrary material. You'll find him watching with his black, truculent eyes the smooth and shining wings that come out of the presses, and when their shine or smoothness isn't what it should be, he's the one who makes the delicate adjustments that fix things up slick.

Ask Snapper, I say. He'll tell you. If he feels like talking, I mean. If he doesn't, he'll just snap at you and spit in disgust, and you'll get out of there. Of course, he'll snap if he tells you, too. That's his way. He's been snapping at folks around Monarch for almost twenty years. At everybody, regardless. He even snapped at the Old Man—president and general manager, to you—the afternoon before he gave it to the little stranger right on the moustache and the police got him. He's snapped at everybody from the Old Man down too. I'll leave out just one. That's Jock Kennedy, superintendent of the pressroom. He never snapped at Jock. I'll tell you why. He worshipped the ground Kennedy walked on. In his own way, of course. You'd never guess in a thousand years that Snapper even respected Kennedy, to see or hear him. But he did. Take it from me, he did.

And the reason he worshipped Jock was that Kennedy had helped him to have the chance to do the things he wanted to do, which were the hard things. His loyalty started away back when he was a press helper and Jock was that press operator; and it got firmer as Kennedy went up, by steps, to the superintendency. Through all those years, there was Snapper De Kay, surly and hard to get along with, sort of tagging at Kennedy's heels or standing at his elbow, waiting for something else hard to do.

Not actually at his heels or elbow, understand. Sometimes for a season or two he'd be off in some other department. Not that anybody ever asked for him. Oh, no, mister! Unless they knew him better than most people did, Snapper was about as welcome as a skunk at a picnic. But when he saw something tough he'd like to tackle he'd go to Kennedy and nag him into putting him forward until he got the chance. Once it was in the motor plant, once in heat-treat; for a year in the die shop; then back to the pressroom as die setter.

But when those magnificent big toggles came in to fill the need new wing-design had created, why, that was the place for Snapper. Those are mighty machines, built to perform an exacting and harrowing task, and Snapper barged into Jock's office with his thin lip curled and his eyes defiant, like they'll get, and said die setting was a job for long-eared whelps, and who was going to shoot trouble on those new toggles? Get it? Wanting to do the thing that challenged him, see? Something industry can't get along without, understand?

But I want to get on to the evening Snapper poured it into this little stranger and the police threw him in the jug. I want to get into the string of events which set him punching instead of snapping. He'd never been known to hit anybody before, any more than he'd been known to be pleasant.

I may as well start at the noon hour, when Snapper, going from the cafeteria back to his toggles, looked in and saw Kennedy breaking matches. A great match breaker, Jock. His thumbs were tough and his nails thick from a lifetime in shops. He could break matches into one-eighth-inch lengths, and if you'd been around him much you'd know that when he was breaking them he was up against something.

Snapper looked in, I say, and saw Kennedy with his feet on the desk and his old hat down over his grey eyes, breaking matches, and, instead of going on to the presses, he swung into the office.

He didn't say "Hi" or "Hello," as you or I would. He didn't even nod. He just walked in and spat in the waste-basket and slid his seat up on the desk and said "Well?"

He could load up a word, mister.

"Well?" he said, as if Kennedy'd done something he should be ashamed of. No smile, no palaver; just "Well?"

Kennedy brushed the match pieces off his lap and shoved his hat back on his grey hair. His forehead wrinkles told plenty.

"Been talking about the new fenders," he said. "The diemakers are here," he said, "and Mac'd like to persuade us into drawing them in one piece," he said, and grinned.

Snapper added up that grin to what it was: worry. "What kind of a wing've them long-eared monkeys in Engineering got up now?" he asked.

"Well. . . . The salesmen'll like it. Whyn't you walk over after this shift and give it a look?"

That's how it came that the two of them sat down with the big mahogany model of the new wing between them late that day.

"Nice crown," Jock said, running his hand over it. "Little deeper than this year's, but it'll please folks. That apron," he said, "is a honey. Comes clear down parallel to the running board. The hood sill's deeper than the old one," he said, "and that adds to the toughness of the operation. And the nose comes over—how far? Another inch? Sweet design," he said, and felt for a match. "And Mac thinks, can we draw it in one piece, we can go places." He began breaking the match. "That's what Mac thinks," he said.

This Mac—MacIntyre, understand—was plant superintendent, a hard-eyed, soft-hearted, exacting man, and Snapper sniffed when Kennedy reported what Mac thought.

Monarch was drawing front wings in two pieces, as most still do. Drawing in two pieces and welding makes just as good a job, but costs more, naturally, than if they are shaped in one operation.

"It'll save fifty-nine cents a car," Kennedy said, after his match was half broken up. "If we eliminate welding, it'll save fifty-nine cents, and that," he said, "seems to be the object of all the excitement."

"Wants to put you on an impossible job, eh?"

"Oh, wouldn't say that."

"But you think it! Wants to make a sucker out of you, eh? Sure!" he said. "Just another sucker," he said. "I know how this racket goes," he jeered. "Long-eared dude with the brass collar says the car'll sell for so much," he said. "It's got to be good," he said, "to get bought."

"It's got to be better every year," he said. "So they begin needlin' their sucker material. They needle you to save on wings and, same time, turn out better ones, and somebody else to save on some other part and, same time, make it better, so somebody *else* can spend more," he said. "To make it a better buy," he said. "To give them long-eared saps in Advertising more sales talk," he said.

That was about it. That was close enough to make Jock shrug.

"But," he said, and grinned, "can we, d'you suppose, draw this baby in one piece?"

Snapper swallowed. For a minute he didn't say anything. Some sort of battle was going on inside him. Hope was downing the fear in his eyes.

"You stand pretty well around here," he said. "If you say you can't, it'll be okay by them," he said, but somehow his irascible heart didn't seem to be in the words. "You'd be safe, then," he said, and his voice sounded almost doleful.

Old Jock slapped the model.

"Sure, I'd be safe," he said. "That ain't the question. *Can't* we draw this damned wing in one piece?"

Snapper had never been known to smile. He didn't smile this time, but his eyes had a funny look, almost as a glint of adoration was trying to get into them.

"Just a sucker!" he said. "Just a big stiff!" he jeered. He shuffled on his chair as if itching. "But, okay, Jock!" he said, "Let's go and lick her!"

Now, that was early spring. The new model wouldn't come out until November, but that's how it is.

The diemakers went home — Monarch can't make big dies in its own shop—taking the model with them, and it wasn't until late September that hell broke loose around the plant. The last of the old models rolled off the line, the great new dies for the toggles were trucked through the gates, and hell broke loose.

I'm not thinking of the hell that always pops when one model is discontinued and they get ready for another. Not thinking about the confusion and fuss as old machines and conveyors and what not disappear and new ones go in.

I'm thinking of the hell that broke loose for Jock Kennedy, who'd let the yearning to do the hard thing put him out on a job.

Nobody knew that yet. Nobody was going to know it for weeks. But you can put your finger on hell's outburst when the big dies rolled through the gates.

The old dies were out of the presses, leaving a cavern a man could dance around in. All ready for the new ones, see, and before you can understand what those dies are like and how they do what they do, I'll have to show you the toggles in operation.

You stand in front of the press, and at about the level of your waist you're looking down into a part of the die that's called the pad. That pad, in this particular die, looks like nothing in the world more than a bright tin bath-tub that's gone through a tornado and been twisted out of shape. Not jammed up. Just twisted. But if you'll lie on your back and look up inside the front wing of your Monarch car, you'll have a fine idea of the size and shape of that pad, because against it your wing is drawn.

Following the edge of this twisted tin bathtub, or pad, is the die itself. It has a welt, or bead, on it, and the blank, or flat sheet of metal from which the wing is made, rests on this bead.

Now, up above is a mighty, moving part. It would fill some rooms; fill lots of kitchenettes; bigger than plenty. Its face is beaded to match the bead on the die. It is called the blank holder.

When it descends it engages the blank lying on the die, its female bead matching the die's male bead and gripping the blank, see?

But this blank holder is not a solid mass. It is hollow and within it works a great column of metal called a ram. To this ram is bolted another tons-heavy part called the punch. It is the punch which, by first a perpendicular and then an angling movement, shapes the wing against the pad.

Now, we'll say the blank is lying in place on the die. That blank of sheet steel is cut to an irregular pattern; it is more than eighty inches long and fifty wide. It's there. On the die. Held lightly in place by a couple of gauge pins protruding through holes cut for them. It is smeared with a lubricating compound to prevent scoring in what is going to happen.

Got that, mister? Now a button is pressed and down comes the blank holder—kitchenette going down! It comes slowly, but with so much pressure behind it that the exact figures wouldn't mean any more to you than the national debt does.

The blank holder gets to the blank and stops, or dwells. It holds that sheet of metal in its grip of iron. Not, however, with the same pressure all along the bead. In places it grips fast, perfectly fast. It grips so hard you could tear that sheet of metal in two and not budge the part engaged. But in other places, not so fast. It grips in other places just tightly enough so that when the punch comes down on the blank, as it does an instant later, and shoves it down against the pad until it takes the shape of a fender, metal outside the bead will flow across and into another part of the blank.

That makes no sense, you'll say. That punch must just stretch the blank, you may say. But it isn't stretching. Actual metal from the edge of the blank, which is going to be trimmed off and put into scrap, is made to flow into the area that the punch is changing from a flat sheet of steel into a snappy wing.

If it didn't flow, understand, you'd have a fender with such variation in thickness that it wouldn't stand up, and everything about an automobile must stand up these days.

Remember, now: In places, that die is supposed to grip the blank beyond moving; in others, it permits this drawing of metal from one part into another, slightly where the contours are gentle, lavishly where they are severe. Supposed to do that, see?

And with that in mind, get this: Draw dies are like that. You never can tell till you try 'em. Diemakers who've never gone wrong yet, may toil over them for weeks, and still you never can tell till you try 'em!

That's why Jock Kennedy and Snapper and a big crew worked eighteen hours straight to get those dies set in the presses—so they could tell what the diemakers had delivered besides thirty-odd tons of cast iron and what they'd have to do to make them draw.

Of course, Jock wasn't there all the time. His pressroom turns out more than five hundred parts for the Monarch car, so he'd be everywhere at a time like that; but when they spotted in for the first time, you can bet your life he was there!

You spot in this way: You smear the draw faces of the blank holder with Prussian blue, a paint. You let the blank holder down against the die ever so gently and raise it up. And the paint on the one leaves its imprint on the other and tells you what has to be done to get a true meeting of the beads.

Jock was there when they spotted in for the first time. I'll say he was there! A half-dozen die setters and the dieshop foreman and MacIntyre and Snapper, of course, were there too. They let the blank holder down with nobody moving much and some of them not breathing. They lifted it and gathered close and peered in to see what they had to do, like a covey of surgeons might bend over a living body that's been opened for them to see what's wrong.

Plenty was wrong. Plenty had to be done. More had to be done than anybody has dreamed

(*continued overleaf*)

Continuing MONARCH'S WINGS

they'd have to do in the worst nightmare that ever woke him up in a cold sweat.

Snapper De Kay's face is naturally dark; sort of leathery. And it was all over grime and grease, with a little Prussian blue mixed in. But he went pale through all that when he saw what he saw. He went pale and a sort of fear came into his eyes.

Then he flew at it. He and a half-dozen others flew at it with emery wheels and files.

They ground off the high places the Prussian blue indicated for them. Ground them down with sixty-grain wheels; polished the coarse marks out with hundred-twenties; finished it off with files.

Snapper tried the blank holder again. He hit the dies with a ball-peen hammer, making eighth-inch indentations, quarter-inch indentations—he could gauge a hammer wallop on cast iron to a sixty-fourth—and had them grind those marks out. He slapped on the paint and moved the press and hit her another series of licks and set them grinding those marks out. Snapping at them, understand? Swearing at them, understand? Himself grinding and filing on first one die and then the other. Setting the pace, understand? A stiff pace. A heart-breaking pace. Grind and file and try her; try her and file and grind. Day and night, night and day. Three men on each of the two dies going eight-hour shifts; others picking up the tools at one shift's quitting time, and Snapper there all hours. As many hours as he could keep awake.

"See?" he snapped at Jock at the end of three days, when they'd only commenced to begin to start doing what had to be done. "See?" he said, reminding him that half a week was gone and that they only had four weeks to spend in all, and that he was out of a job for certain. But he didn't look at Jock when he jeered. He looked away, he did, and his voice had a flaw in it.

You can't tell where you're going with a draw die, see? You can't measure a draw die, understand? You can't say if you take off so much here and that much there and, maybe, build it up in another place by welding, she'll do this or that. Not much, you don't! You do what you feel should be done, rather than what any authority can tell you must be done. Fifteen-ton tools have got to be made to work, mister! No going back to the diemaker's with them, mister. Why, it took eleven weeks to build those dies! You don't take 'em back for remodelling. You take what you get and make 'em do the job. That, or somebody loses his, understand?

They took a chance at spotting in with metal—to see how the dies would work with metal instead of paint between them—and it was a mess. It was terrible. It was almost hopeless. It put a sag in Jock Kennedy's shoulders. But they kept guessing and grinding and trying and filing, and got something like the right clearance and drew their first blank.

Drawing the first blank on a big die is something, you better believe. Like election night or something. It was eleven o'clock at night when they drew their first blank, and everybody up to Corbin, the production manager, was there. You bet your life Corbin was there, with all the stories that were coming into his office about those front-wing dies that were supposed to knock fifty-nine cents off the cost of a car and less than two weeks till production!

Eleven o'clock at night, with everybody up to Corbin there. Get it? The importance of it? The suspense of it? They teased the press along, coaxed it along; let the punch down an inch or two and reversed her; looked in to see what had happened; went a little farther; found out how wrong they'd guessed and how much remained to be done in the two weeks left to them.

"See?" said Snapper to Kennedy when, after dawn, they called it a night and started home. "See?" he said, and cleared his throat quickly.

Old Jock didn't have an answer. His face was all wrinkles. Reason for it, and plenty.

Well, by some miracle the die for the right wing commenced to shape up. Like somebody getting over pneumonia. Ready to peg out when the day nurse goes off duty; grinning and hungry when she comes on again. Still pretty sick, but on the way, understand. And Snapper swore harder as he drove that crew of tryout men and was almost civil to the boys stumped by its companion die.

That left-wing die wouldn't get well. It wouldn't yield to all the skill and sweat they put on it. Corbin called the diemakers in and they fiddled for three precious days to no account, and in eight more that press would have to be drawing wings. Just have to, see?

You can't delay production in a big plant. When word comes to fill up the assembly line, it's filled up and nothing else.

Word came. Word came to start drawing front wings, and the left one still came out with a wrinkle at the rear that ran six inches above the die line and, even so, with terrific breakage. With 22 per cent. breakage. The other toggle by that time was drawing them as slick as a whistle, with something under 4 per cent. breakage. But the left one—mister!

There was just one thing to do. They put in another operation. They put the left wing under a power hammer and a grinder to get that wrinkle out and started building up a float. A lousy job. Oh, it would stand up, all right; no buyer would ever dream it; no dealer would even guess it; Assembly wouldn't know unless they'd been told. Still, for the pressroom, it was a lousy job.

And as for the office—well, Kennedy's allowance for breakage and defects wasn't going to hold out, and then the fat would be in the fire.

That's the way it is: when you say you'll do a thing no matter how hard it is, you're just stretching your neck out.

Old Jock wasn't there when the first car came off. He'd nicked his thumb, drawing blanks with Snapper, and hadn't gone to first aid, and infection had set in.

The doctor had driven him home an hour after the first shift started drawing those botched wings. He stood watching them come off, holding his bandaged hand in the other. He stood there a long time. Then he started out, and came back and yelled in Snapper's ear:

"I've seen dies in worse shape than that work 'emselves in!"

That's what he yelled. But he didn't expect that die was going to work itself in. You could tell that by the way he walked. He walked like an old man. It wasn't his infected hand that made him walk like an old man, either. He knew it was just a matter of time now. Everybody else knew it too. Jock went to bed, danged sick, but when he got up on his feet again, they'd ease him out. Everybody knew it, I tell you. They'd even picked his successor, Burton. His assistant. Burton was going to get Jock's job.

I suppose that was the last straw for Snapper. He was pretty much all in, Snapper was. He'd worked too many hours in too few weeks to have much zip. He came as near slacking around his presses as a man could and not get chucked out. He didn't even light into people. He was almost civil even to Burton. And then he heard the story that Burton, who'd always play it safe, who'd never risk his job just because something was hard to do, was going to be sitting at old Jock's desk for keeps. He heard that story, I say, and all of a sudden he jerked back into his old self. He raised the devil around his presses that afternoon.

But he didn't walk out at five that afternoon. He stayed into the second shift that afternoon. The new Monarch was going like fire, see; and Assembly was getting ready to go from two shifts to three; and so the wing line was running two shifts to increase the float.

Snapper had no business there, no responsibility there. But he stayed. He stayed a long time, walking around and around that left-wing press; looking at the wings as they came off; scowling; thinking something over.

And the next day he hailed MacIntyre and led him out to the wing float, away from the presses, where a man could talk without yelling.

"Listen to me," he said to Mac, as if he himself were a superintendent or something and not just a trouble man. "Listen to me," he said to Mac. "We're in a hell of a mess," he said, "but maybe we can get out. Will you give me a crack at that baby?" he said to Mac.

"Crack!" said Mac. "What've you been doing since September?"

"I know," Snapper said. "But listen," he said. "And look," he said, and turned to one of those left front wings and stabbed its rear end with his finger.

He stuttered and stammered and made motions with one hand. The other hand he kept on that wing along with his eyes, when they weren't on Mac's face to see whether Mac was following him or not. Trying to use words he didn't know how

Snapper got him by the shoulder with one hand and socked him with the other.

to use in talking about something that just isn't talked about, if you understand. Something that isn't talked about because it's nothing for talk, but something for feeling.

But Mac hitched up his pants. Then he shoved back his hat. Then he put one foot up on the stack of wings and leaned closer. He commenced to nod and to say "Mebbe" and "Yeah" and "It might."

And that's how it came about that the one toggle ran night and day for a week, building up a big float of its botched wings. And that's how it came about that Snapper De Kay didn't shoot trouble on regular shifts at all, but crawled into that one press all alone and stayed there until the day he punched this little stranger.

The ring line of that die wasn't right somewhere, he'd made up his mind. The blank lay on that die with a tendency to buckle that the eye couldn't detect, he'd concluded. To get that line right, to have it so built and finished that it would draw cleanly, smoothly, surely, Snapper cut out a whole section of it.

The die-shop foreman thought he was crazy. The die-shop foreman said he was nuts to cut out that big a chunk. But Snapper had told MacIntyre, and that was that.

Snapper worked alone. A man had to be alone on a job like that, he'd told Mac. A man couldn't have any long-eared nitwits chattering when he was up against something really tough, he'd said. A one-man job. His job.

Everybody else had given it up, see, mister? Kennedy had quit, and MacIntyre and Corbin; and the Monarch die shop and the diemakers and Engineering and everybody. Quit.

Snapper, wheedling that die, coaxing that die, scheming and pleading with that die. Mac had given him about two weeks. After the first week, his eyes, when he shoved up his goggles, showed red. Red in the whites from being tired; red in the pupils from taking it on the chin from that stubborn die.

His black whiskers were three-eighths of an inch long. His teeth were black with emery grit. His arms were black to his shoulders with lubricating compound and dirt and dust. He worked until he couldn't stand up any longer. At first he went home to sleep, but he gave that up, you better believe. He worked until he snapped at himself, and then he'd shuffle into Kennedy's office and wrap up in his overcoat and sleep on Jock's desk. He wasn't cutting it, see? Minutes were gold, hours diamonds, days—I've no word for the value of days.

Many times each day MacIntyre came up and stopped to look. He seldom spoke. When Snapper had anything to say, Mac knew, he'd say it. But finally Mac spoke one morning, and with finality.

"Float's down to five days," he said. "Three's the limit."

Snapper quit using his safety block. He'd stretch himself along that die without the twelve-by-twelve oak block safeguarding him. If anything had happened—why, he'd have left just a fair stain.

He crawled out for the last time at two o'clock in the afternoon. He had to grab the press housing for support he was so all in. He drew a blank and had it out on the floor, was on his knees beside it, when old Mac came down the room.

"Well?" said Mac. He'd come to call it off, understand.

"Well yourself!"

"Good or bad now, we'll have to start her to-morrow."

"That's fine," said Snapper. "Or would be if it was to-day instead of to-morrow. Tell your boy Burton to rustle up a crew of long-eared pressmen. Now. To-day."

"Meaning just what?"

"We're going to draw 'em," said Snapper De Kay. "As smooth as an egg," said Snapper De Kay. "And you can give your finishing crew the air," said Snapper De Kay.

Well, they got together a press crew, mostly of foremen. And word went up front, and Corbin, the production manager, came down all steamed up, and with him came the Old Man. The dude with the brass collar. The king, the czar of Monarch. Yeah, him!

They got there as the press was reversed after its first draw. There she lay. Slick as a whistle. Smooth as an egg! Without a wrinkle!

They drew another. They drew fifty with only one break. Fifty without a wrinkle and only one break, and at that rate Jock Kennedy's losses and defects would be showing in the black! They drew fifty, and it was then Snapper snapped at the Old Man.

The Old Man, you see, walked over and put his hand on Snapper.

"Son," he said, "you go home now. You get slept out," he said, "and when you get back——" he began to say, with that look in his eye most men work for to see in the boss.

"Home?" yelped Snapper so everybody could hear even in that racket. "Home?" he yelped. "Why, you long-eared gazook, what d' you think I *am*?" he yelled, and gave the Old Man a look that drilled him, and spat and walked around the other side of the press, talking to himself.

The Old Man backed off, getting good and red, but not mad. Not mad, see. He looked as if he wanted to laugh.

So Snapper stayed through until five, and now I'm coming to where he socked the little guy, which is why he can't be a hero.

He didn't get out with the crowd, see? He couldn't walk that fast. He sort of shambled out through the first light snow of winter. He stood humped over at the bus stop and dozed in the seat before he got to his transfer point and shivered when he got out.

There's a distributor's showroom on that corner. And in the window was this swell coupé with floodlights on it. Snapper walked over to give it a look. It was the first time he'd actually taken a good look at the new model.

So he was there when this little guy and his wife came along. The little guy wore spats, and his wife wore one of these fur jackets down to here. She swung her husband up close to that show window.

"Look at that darling Monarch!" she said, making her husband stop. He didn't want to, see. He'd probably had plenty of works for a new car put on him already.

"Isn't that adorable?" she said. "Aren't those lines divine? And those front wings! Aren't they the swankiest things!" she said.

Then the little guy asked for it, if you understand.

"That's the woman of it!" he sniffed. "That's the woman of it!" he told her. "Always picking out something that doesn't amount to a damn! Always going nuts over something that doesn't count! You would pick out something to rave about that's unimportant, like a front wing."

Well, Snapper got him by the shoulder with one hand and socked with his other. He socked and shook and slapped and punched until those spats danced.

The woman did a good bit of squealing, and the cop on the corner came, and that was that.

Likely Snapper doesn't remember what he said at the station. The little guy, all bruises and grease and emery dust, followed him over and howled and pranced. And Snapper said something and the little guy got off on threats against Monarch. So the sergeant called the chief of Monarch police, and that's how the legal department got into it.

Snapper slept until court time and came late to work. It was almost ten when he came through Gate 5. Almost ten, and the drive-aways were rolling out.

That gate brought him past the loading dock, and there was MacIntyre, with a kid from the front office and a man from the shipping room who were polishing off the windshield of a coupé.

"Come here," said Mac. "You black-eyed so-and-so," said Mac. "You will assault and batter customers, will you?"

"Well," said Snapper, sort of apologetically, but still tough, see. "Well——"

"D' you know what this guy does?" asked Mac. "He raises so much hell about what he calls Monarch's thugs that he throws a scare into the legal department," he said. "To shut him up," he said, "We're giving him the car that he said he was going to buy!"

"The suckers!" growled Snapper. "The saps! That's blackmail! The long-eared suckers!" He was getting good and mad then. "Why, the long-eared——" he began, and stopped.

He shifted his pipe and walked over to the car. Around to the other side. Around to the left side. He gave that left front wing a good close look. Had to, understand? Nobody else could see it at all. A customer'd never dream it was a botch job; a dealer wouldn't guess.

Then he looked at Mac and grinned. It's the first time he's smiled in this story, isn't it? Well, it was the only time he smiled in his twenty years at Monarch too.

He smiled and spat and waved his hand.

"Okay, Mac," he said. "Okay by me," he said. "But if it'd been one of these new wings, now—that'd been somethin' else," he said, his grin fading out. "You better believe that'd been somethin' else again!" he snapped and spat once more, good and hard; and he shoved his hands into his pockets and walked off toward the pressroom and his toggles.

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C.233. To be in the fashion every woman must possess a Swagger Coat, and here we offer a ¾-length model in Woollen Check material, lined throughout with 100% Art Silk. It is a full cut garment, with shoulder yoke, and stitched inverted seam to hem at back. Deep Peter Pan Collar, fastened with three buttons, two roomy patch pockets and fancy sleeves. Just the thing for the holidays.

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COLOURS : Chestnut Brown, Light Navy, Black.

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Free Form Model

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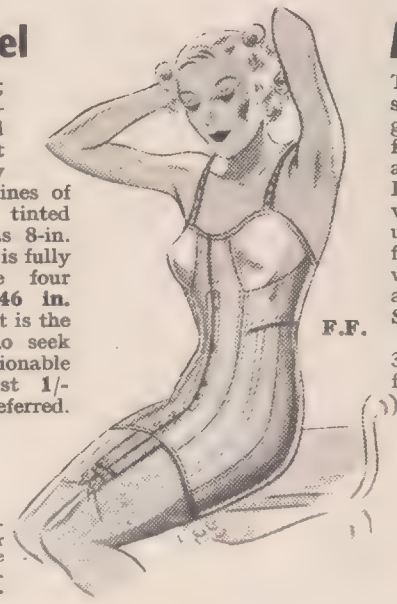

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A.S. 195. A stylish three-eyelet Oxfordette Shoe, made on good fitting last. Covered medium Spanish heel; neatly stitched on vamp and facings. Medium toe; guaranteed bend leather soles. Offered in **Brown Suède, Black Suède, Black Glacé, Blue Glacé.**

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K.465 is made in uncrushable Crêpe, with pretty multi-coloured design on a white ground. It is cut with smart yoke to bodice, with the new ruched neck, finished rouleau of contrasting colour. Full godet sleeve mounted on net. Three-section straight cut skirt, all round belt at waist, fastened slide to match.

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D.R. 121. 100 per cent. Art Silk spotted design, single wide rever, loose jabot collar, edged broad band hemstitched insertion. Note novel sleeves, cut bell shape, brought back to wrist. Skirt has shaped front yoke.

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by Miles Henslow

● Monastral Blue is the latest gift of science to mankind. It is to change the colour scheme of lives and homes all over the world; it is a pure pigment for which men have sought for centuries.

COLOUR is in the news. After more than a century a new pigment has been discovered. British chemists have filled the gap in the list of pigment colours.

Although the value of such a discovery cannot be over-estimated, for it will affect not only every colour-using industry, but also everyone who lives with, or uses, colour, the natural reaction to the announcement is, "How can anyone discover a colour? Don't we know of and use every colour of the rainbow already?"

Actually all the possible colours were on view the day the first rainbow hung across the sky. But ever since that display of colour was seen there has been an unceasing struggle to imitate those colours: to capture them and use them for every conceivable purpose.

Monastral Blue, as this pigment has been christened, is a new colour. It will make possible new shades never seen before, other than in a natural state. With it the artist will be able to paint a new truthfulness into his skies and lakes. The house decorator will apply it to walls, in the medium of distemper, giving for the first time a new brilliance of colour which will not fade.

Monastral Blue does not only mean a new blue. It means new and better shades in every colour of which blue is an essential part. From the three primary colours, red, yellow and blue, the artist can produce almost every colour in the rainbow, but so that the resultant colours may be perfect the primary colours must be flawless and, until this discovery, they were not.

A pigment is judged on seven points and, unless it stands the test on all of them, it is not perfect. First, and most important of all, it must be fast to light. It must be fast to acids and the opposite, to alkalis. It must also be fast to heat. It must possess good strength of colour, and mix well with other colours. Finally it must be chemically inert. That is to say, it must not be affected by any other substances with which it may come in contact.

Satisfactory red pigments have been available for a long time, as have yellows: yellow ochre being as successful as it is old. But blue pigments have always been troublesome and elusive. The first really useful blue pigment, Prussian blue, was discovered by accident more than two hundred years ago, when a chemist named Diesbach was trying to produce a white substance for use with other colours. Instead of obtaining white he was surprised to find a blue in his retort.

He was successful in keeping his discovery secret for ten years; then it became, and remained, the principal blue for nearly a century, when ultramarine was produced.

Neither of these pigments was perfect. Prussian blue, among its other faults, fades away when it comes into contact with alkalis and, as the lime used in the plaster of walls is an alkali, it was useless for that kind of decoration. Ultramarine, on the other hand, is equally useless where acids are concerned. Neither is a really brilliant blue; neither is absolutely fast to light. Nevertheless the world had to make the best of them for another century—until Monastral Blue appeared.

Accident, again, was responsible for the new colour. Seven years ago a chemist was preparing a chemical and he happened to notice a peculiar blue formation on the side of the vessel. It was removed and analysed, and the reasons for its appearance were studied. Then, after its character was discovered, came the long task of manufacturing it in commercial quantities. To-day it is a subject of the keenest interest to every colour-using industry; to-morrow it will be in the homes of the world.

Manufacture of pigments is no new industry, even in terms of centuries. Among the ruins of Pompeii there is still to be seen the artists' colour shop: little cups of red and yellow pigment lie on the table, and a few smears of colour remain as they were two thousand years ago, when disaster overtook the town. Countless years before that shop was built people in all parts of the world were making pigments, many of which are still in use to-day.

Yet another accident was responsible for the creation of the dyestuffs industry. Chemist William Henry Perkin was experimenting in 1856 with benzole, a product of coal, in the hope of making quinine artificially. He produced a black substance. He purified it and dried it, and eventually found that he had made a mauve dye.

A year later the first British dye works, at Harrow, put this colour on the market, and it was used for printing the lilac penny stamp of Queen Victoria's reign.

The days of the natural dyestuff were numbered. In the black coal deposits stretching for miles beneath the colourful British countryside was a storehouse of potential colour destined to outdo nature herself. Within three years of the discovery of mauve, magenta was produced. By the end of another ten years blues, yellows, violets, brown and indigo were added to the list. Green and red followed, and coal tar dyestuffs now cover the entire spectrum range of colours.

Of all the wonders of the twentieth century there is none so wonderful as the modern development of colour, yet it is appreciated least of all.

The coming of the age of colour has not been noticed because colour is not new. Colour of a sort has always been available, and there is so much colour in everything natural that a little more has made no mark—apparently. Grandma's nightdress is the same to her whether dyed with the juice from the cochineal insect or a by-product of coal. She is not concerned with what has transpired behind the scenes so long as the garment is red, warm and comfortable.

Grand-daughter, too, is uninterested in the nature of the dye that lends such a pleasant blue to her pyjamas. That it is a mixture of no less than three distilled coal tar dyes, blue, green and black, means nothing to her. That there was a gap of about thirty years between the discovery of the first two colours means less.

And so, equally unnoticed, the sombre black carriage of the last century has been driven off the roads by the £100 car, sprayed with cellulose in any colour under the sun. The plain cardboard box has given way to an attractive coloured affair with a coloured picture on the lid. Blotting paper has changed from white to a selection of rainbow hues. Soap, sweets, sealing wax, bath salts, tooth brushes and sponges, have all adopted colour, and each product calls for a different type of colouring matter.

The dyer and colourist can no longer use the juice from a berry or root, or crush up the expensive Lapis Lazuli for a pigment. The demand for colour has outgrown the possible natural supply by many times and, even if it had not, few of the natural dyes and pigments would be good enough to stand up to modern uses and manufacturing conditions.

You may have been satisfied with the green cellulose finish of your car. Next year, comparing it with the new green of your neighbour's latest model, you will think, "What on earth's the matter with my paint. I'd no idea it was so dull!"

It wasn't when it was bought. And it hasn't faded. Until the birth of Monastral Blue it was impossible to obtain a brighter green in a cellulose finish. It will be the same with leathers, fountain pens, and coloured enamels for one reason or another, but, unless compared with one of the older colours, the improvement will not be noticed.

Colour has influenced industry to a far greater extent than anything else has ever done, or ever will do. It has developed into a colossal industry. The capital invested in it, the people it employs, and the number of uses to which it is put, are beyond reckoning.

Everything made to-day affects the colour industry—everything from the enormous grey hulls of battleships and liners to the "hundreds-and-thousands" which spangle the icing of a cake. The one has to withstand the action of sea water; the other must be absolutely harmless to the body. The coloured heads of matches, the colour of the stalks, and the coloured printing of the carton alone call for three distinct types of material.

Yet colour is nothing but an illusion. There is not one single colour in existence. Mix a few dozen coloured counters on a tray and take them out into the garden on the next moonlight night. Try to sort them into groups. You will fail: not because there is insufficient light to enable you to *see* the colours, but because there is not sufficient light to *produce* the colours.

All colours are merely illusions. They all depend entirely on light to produce their effects. A green leaf ceases to be green the moment the light fails. It is black.

The artist takes his pigments and, inspired with the spark of genius, creates a flaming sunset. He imitates what he has seen with the materials which have been made for him, but not even the most brilliant artist could paint a lunar landscape.

Men on the moon, if there were any, could probably produce all the pigments and dyes that we consider so natural, but they would never bother to do so because one would be the same as another. The artist would have nothing to paint because he could see nothing, and his pigments could all be one—soot. There are no seascapes on the moon: no visible scenery: no colour. Nothing but a pitch black sky, the stars and the sun.

ONE MAN'S PIPE

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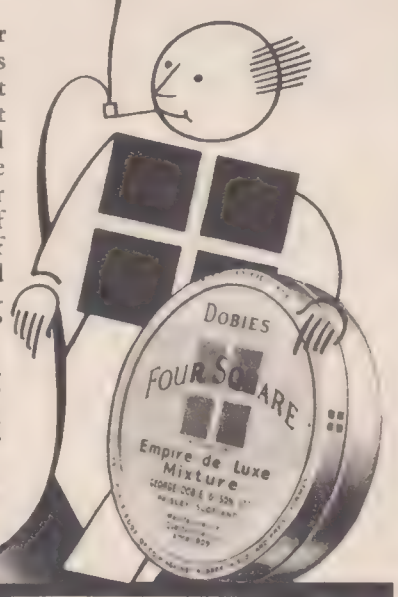

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"I'd liefer you dedn't play," she cried harshly.

SHORT SHORT STORY BY

S. L. Bensusan

Illustrated by W. J. Turner

Mrs. Carlow's Visitor

MRS. CARLOW looked down the hill that leads to the estuary, saw the tramp making his slow way along, and called Captain, the bull terrier, from the patch of sunlight in front of the kennel. The road is often used by vagrants, and she has a certain suspicion of all wayfaring men, a suspicion traditional in marshland.

There is a notice nailed to a tree in front of her garden gate. It is painted on wood, reads: "Bewair of the dog," was set up by Mr. Carlow and is respected by his widow, who has assured the doctor, the clergyman and the Squire's sister in turn that "she'd liefer leave it as Fred wrote it."

"He worn't same as a scholar," she will admit, "but he knew what he wanted, did Fred. He got Cap'en to purtect me two year afore he died, an' then he wrote his piece on the board. There ain't a many stop arter they bin an' looked at it, an' there ain't none arter Cap'en's spoke to them," she will add.

The cottage stands alone in its little garden. It has black weather-boards, with red-tiled roof and porch. The few fruit trees are well matured. Fred Carlow left the freehold to her with nearly two hundred and fifty pounds in the Savings Bank and all the furniture.

Approaching middle age, attractive but unimaginative, practical yet kindly, Mary Carlow has refused several offers to change her name and together with her liberty she has kept a part of the attraction of past years.

Well-trained Captain moved to the gate and sat behind it awaiting word to growl. The wayfarer, a tall, grizzled, blue-eyed man with the remains of good looks about him, and quite a large pack on his back, lifted his battered hat with an air of refinement, not often encountered in marshland.

"I've some tea and a small teapot," he said. "Would you fill it with boiling water for me? I don't want anything else, if you're Mary Emily Carlow, as I think you must be."

"How do you know my name?" demanded Mrs. Carlow, "and what's that to do with you?" She wanted to speak harshly and was a little annoyed by the milder tone she had used involuntarily.

"Time I reached Wymarks I asked an elderish man I see in th' yard if he could tell me what had become of Bob and Mary Emmot," said the stranger. "He should have said they was both dead and that you'd married Fred Carlow, the fisherman, an' that he bin an' got drowned five year ago, time o' th' bad March gales."

Mrs. Carlow paused irresolute. "If you knew me parients," she said, "tell me where they lived, an' what was they like."

"Bob Emmot was stockman at Pargeter's" said the stranger "an' lived in the Endway afore he married. He was short of a finger on his left hand an' he got a little black beard an' he ailed along of his heart an' if that worrited him he'd fly in a passion, soon as look at ye. Your mother got big blue eyes an' fair hair an' she spoke soft. She'd take you pea peckin' with her an' set you under th' hedge in a old perambulator that hadn't got but two wheels. You was born in the cottage side o' Honeypot Lane, an' one day you fell in th' pond, an' Bob Gaylor's boy pecked ye out."

Mrs. Carlow opened the gate. "It's all right, Cap'en," she said to the bull terrier and turning to the stranger, "you can stay in th' porch. I'll make th' tea f'r you."

The tramp came up the garden path, Captain at his heels and, when he set his pack down on one bench in the porch and took the other, the dog came up to be stroked, though his practice is to resent attention from strangers.

Mrs. Carlow noted this friendliness with suspicion.

"That ain't a many he take to," she said grudgingly.

She busied herself in the kitchen while her visitor lit his pipe and surveyed the scene contentedly. There was a deep peace in the garden, a peace that the song of a blackcap to his mate and the hum of the bees round the skeps by the wall did no more than intensify. The afternoon was warm and sunny.: the man tired, he laid his pipe aside just in time and dozed. Mrs. Carlow had to call him twice. "I've laid y'r tea in th' kitchen," she said briefly, "you kin come in an' set comfortable for once."

He thanked her with a smile and said nothing.

"Did you belong here?" she said, staring hard at the visitor when he came from the scullery where he had washed well-kept, even shapely hands. Mrs. Carlow noted this with interest: hers, too, were delicate, and she was proud of them. She repeated her question and he shook his head, as though to discourage her further.

"Happen you'll tell me how you come to know mum an' dad, anyways," she went on, and poured out the tea and pushed the plate of toast towards him. She was surprised to find herself eating and drinking without any sense of constraint.

"I never belonged," he said at last. "There was a man named Bartle, Bob Bartle who ran the fair all over these parts. Cleverest man in the county at the job, or so folk used to say. He was allus thinkin' o' somethin' new, and he could sing an' dance as well, an' he looked arter man an' beast what worked in the show, so they all felt th' miss of him. It was Market Waldron three days an' Meadowbank an' Nutting an' Maychester one day apiece, those times. I worked along of him till he aged an' died an' th' show broke up; there worn't nobody to take his job. That's a long time ago. Your mother worn't no more'n a slip of a gel, in service at the hall when I knew her first, name o' Wiseman, Mary Wiseman. Th' boys favoured her no end, but she lived very quiet, she dedn't want 'em. But she loved th' owd marsh."

"That's quite right," said Mary Carlow, almost breathlessly.

"I acquainted along o' her," said the stranger, "but she married Bob Emmot in th' end; he was in reg'lar work. I never stopped in one place long, I couldn't along o' my job. You're like her," he went on, "in a way." There was a critical appraisement here, to which she made no reply: no suggestion of flattery was associated with it.

"How do you live?" she asked him.

"On me fiddle mos'ly," he replied. "I got it in me pack. That's why it's so big; but it isn't heavy."

"Your fiddle," she repeated mechanically, for her mind was flooded with strange memories like clouds suddenly risen in a clear sky.

"Aye," he said, "I'll play to ye afore I go. Now, if you'll gimme me teapot, I'll wash it."

"I'll see to all that," she replied hastily, "that's a woman's job. An' I can spare a couple o' new-laid eggs."

"Thanky kindly," he said and went to the porch, and opened his pack with care and brought out a violin case. He came back with it to the kitchen to find Mrs. Carlow white to the lips.

"I'll play ye th' music y'r mother cared about," he said.

"I'd liefer you dedn't play," she cried harshly. He looked at her closely and without emotion.

"Say it agen," he asked her, and she did so, but the hard note had gone: her voice had changed: she was on the verge of tears.

"Who tell't ye, Mary?" he said quietly.

"Mother," cried Mrs. Carlow. "Father an' her had words whiles, an' folk used to say things, an' when I wore grown up she towd me. An' one nighttime she lay on her bed o' sickness an' Emmot were in th' 'Wheatsheaf,' she sez to me 'happen he'll come along one day, Mary. He wanted you should be a gel, an' he'd ha' claimed ye if so be he could. There was whiles he nursed ye, an' you'd allus goo to him.'"

"That's a true word," said the stranger. "But Emmot come along an' kep' her name f'r her, time I cou'n't, though I'd ha' give all I got to ha' done it."

"She talked of ye often enough," said the woman speaking in slow, hesitant fashion, "an' she never bore ye no ill-will. She 'membered ye though you never let her know where you'd got to. 'He'll have his troubles, Mary,' she said, many's th' time. She towd me you got a wife o' y'r own what drank an' you'd left her. Was that true?"

"True as th' Book," he said quietly. "She went out sivin year agoo; she dedn't die kind; she wore ragin' mad by then."

"Where are you gooin' now?" she questioned, breaking the silence that followed.

"I'm goin' on," said the tramp, "an' thanky f'r me, Mary. Happen I'll come round here agen. I bin tryin' to get round this way ever so long, but I cou'n't make up me mind."

"On't ye stop now?" she pleaded, fearful of his answer.

"That's best I dedn't, Mary," he said, "you don't wanter start folk talkin'. But now I know y'r frien'ly, I'll come this way whiles. I've somewhere to goo now I've see you, but I'll find me way."

"Side o' th' north wall," she said with perfect understanding. "On y'r right past th' gate. There's a wooden cross an' a rose bush." He nodded and passed on.

It seemed so strange. There was no one in sight on the long road. Captain had found another snug corner. How quiet the place was; even the birds were silent. There was nothing to suggest that she had not imagined that encounter with a figure out of the past. But the debris of the meal was on the kitchen table. She was conscious of a sudden sense of loneliness and her eyes were wet.

Captain Patricia's Trip

IF the tall and lean seaman who was striding along the dusty road leading out of Reval, West Indies seaport, had been in any mood for idle reflection he would certainly not have subscribed to the popular belief that fortune smiles upon the daring sailor.

The particular circumstance that would have caused Captain John Langton to deny with vehemence the truth of this adage was the fact that the ship he had commanded, one of the three owned by his father, lay at the bottom of the Caribbean Sea.

Some said that the accident would not have occurred if Captain Langton had not been steaming a shade too fast in that haze. Others, arguing more broadly, held that a captain could hardly be expected to crawl about the oceans just in case another vessel developed steering-gear trouble at a critical moment. John Langton had reserved his opinion. Without proof it would be dangerous to accuse publicly the Searle Line steamer of deliberate ramming.

For generations the Langton Line and the Searle Line had been friendly rivals. Then the Eagle Steamship Corporation appeared. Dwindling profits had prompted old William Langton to ask Michael Searle to combine.

Michael Searle, however, expressed a preference to fight the newcomer alone. For six months he did so, lost money steadily, and then died of pneumonia. He left a daughter of twenty-three who sailed from New York with the intention of coming to a partnership agreement with William Langton.

Since they had been children together, it was only natural that Patricia Searle, looking very fair and lovely, should decide to travel to Reval in young John Langton's ship.

The decision had startling results. Meeting as man and woman, each liked the other tremendously. Unfortunately, the greatly daring seaman was over impetuous. Still more unfortunate, Patricia got it into her head that he wanted her ships rather more than herself. Resentful, and insufficiently conscious of her personal charm to see the absurdity of this conclusion, she had stung her fingers in a vain attempt to redden a weather-hardened cheek. Thereafter, a passage calm enough in every other way had been tempestuous, and Patricia had decided not to go into partnership with the Langtons.

That had been a year ago. In the following twelve months very little paint went on the Langton steamers, the Searle Line skimped repairs not vitally necessary, and the Eagle Corporation pursued its ruthless policy of undercutting freights.

"Madness!" reiterated old William Langton from his invalid chair.

"Little idiot can't run ships!" commented the son, remembering the hard slap of those cool fingers.

Nevertheless, until a few days ago, John Langton had secretly admired the quality of Pat Searle's courage. He had thought that money was not everything, and that the girl's attempt was rather a splendid one.

Now, as he strode towards the Searle house, his expression was angry, and there was a certain tautness about his lips. His father, to whom he dare not voice his suspicions, had taken the news badly. The lost ship had been wanted for a full cargo waiting in New York. The other two were away on voyages. A heart attack had interrupted the old man's denunciation of his son's reckless navigation.

Patricia Searle turned from the documents at which she had been staring resentfully, rose from her desk, and went forward to greet her visitor.

Angrily aware of her loveliness, John Langton set his jaw against a quickening pulse. She had no right, he told himself, to possess such a slim, graceful figure. In his savage mood, he misread her rueful smile, and failed to notice the faintly wistful expression that was in her grey eyes. He thought that she was mocking him, and deliberately ignored her hand. Thrusting out his chin a little, he said:

"I never thought you'd earn the nasty name they give to shipwreckers!"

The smile vanished from Patricia's face, and she withdrew her hand hastily. Little flames danced in her eyes and with heightened colour she demanded:

"What on earth do you mean, Captain Langton?"

John Langton laughed harshly. "You don't know, eh? You never gave orders for your damned ship to ram me?"

"So you blame me because you can't navigate decently?" Patricia's sharp reply matched his contemptuous tone.

"Navigate decently!" echoed the other scornfully. "What the devil do you know about navigation. Listen, d'you think I don't know that breakdown was arranged—cleverly thought out between you and your cursed skipper, Blake?"

Patricia's small hands clenched suddenly.

"Stop!" she cried fiercely. "John—Captain Langton, you can't believe that?"

Had John Langton been in a less savage temper the earnestness of her manner must have given him to think furiously. As it was, he continued heedlessly:

"Bah! Isn't the thing obvious? Your *Galloway* standing by to sail . . . faster than the Eagle boat *Dacota*. Why, with me out of the way you're bound to get that cargo."

"It isn't true. I know nothing about your cargo!" Patricia was very white and tense now.

John Langton's next words showed that she might not have spoken.

"But don't think you'll do it!" he said. "Somehow, I'll get a ship and beat you, and all the satisfaction you'll ever get out of this dirty business will be the knowledge that it has broken up my father."

"Your father?" faltered Patricia, suddenly wide-eyed.

"Yes, heart again," said the man curtly. He paused there and abruptly his manner changed, as he went on heavily: "Why couldn't you go on playing the game? What did the money matter when you were doing so well . . . carrying on alone."

Marking the altered tone and the obvious implication that he had been proud to see her fighting alone, Patricia could have wept with dismay at his words. These, accusing as surely as they assumed, made it impossible for her to respond. She pointed to the door.

"Since you won't believe, you'd better go." She choked a little. "I'm not used to being insulted by a—a common sailor."

"Don't think we're beat. I'll get that ship, and"—he paused, breathing heavily—"I'll sail her to hell if need be to stop you getting that cargo!"

His vehemence startled Patricia almost as much as did the violent slamming of the door. Her breath coming quickly, she listened to his receding footsteps. When they had died away she subsided into her chair.

John Langton had boasted that he would get a ship. Striding back towards Reval, he reflected moodily how hopeless the quest would be. As well ask the devil for mercy as expect the Eagle Corporation to give him one on charter. Patricia Searle owned the only other ships in port.

But he got his ship. Running into Mr. Craddock, his Chief Officer, the latest piece of island gossip was repeated to him.

"Greek johnny in there," said the stocky seaman casually as he jerked a thumb towards the bar of the Reval Hotel, "tells me he's putting his ship in the charter market."

The words were barely spoken when John Langton caught his arm and questioned swiftly:

"Where's his ship? When does she come on charter?"

Wondering at the urgency of his captain's manner, Mr. Craddock replied laconically: "In Santago Bay. Next week."

Frowning, John Langton looked down over Reval harbour. Smoke curled lazily from the red, black-topped funnel of the *Galloway*, and he muttered: "Goes to-morrow!" His gaze shifted to the green-funnelled Eagle steamer, *Dacota*. "And she's off to-night," he added. "Hell! Next week's no use!" To Mr. Craddock he commanded shortly: "Show me the fellow."

John Langton did not much care for the look of the Greek. But the devil was driving. He asked blunt questions and received careful replies which he did not altogether believe. It seemed that the *Newark* was an old British vessel. The Greek could get no cargo for her, and said her speed was thirteen knots. John Langton hoped that it was not less than eleven, and said:

"I'll take her. A voyage charter to New York and back with my crew. But I want her to-night."

Fifteen minutes later John Langton gave his orders to Mr. Craddock. Santago Bay was an open roadstead fifty miles up the coast, and he said:

"Round up the crew and get 'em there in cars. Prepare for sea immediately. I'll find MacGregor."

The two parted, John Langton to go in search of his Chief Engineer. The young man wished that he had time to see his father. The letter, hastily

With his oil-smeared hands MacGregor gently examined the Captain's chest.

A Long Complete Story

by Stanley Brotherton

written on the conclusion of his business with the Greek, had been very briefly worded. Still, he felt that his father would understand, and knew that he would approve the gamble itself. Admittedly, the *Newark* had been taken on trust, but she was their only hope. Besides, the Langtons had never been afraid of a risk.

The *Newark* sailed early the following morning—one hour before William Langton's messenger arrived in Santago Bay bearing a letter which began: "On no account are you to sail . . ."

If John Langton had received the letter he would have pondered more profoundly than he did the last-minute news item that came from Mr. Craddock:

"I hear Miss Searle is off to New York in the *Galloway* . . . bag and baggage. Looks as though . . ."

"To hell with what it looks like!" gritted John Langton and walked away, leaving his Chief Officer with mouth agape.

Less than a day later, Mr. MacGregor, a red-faced and plain-spoken man, stamped up to the Captain and startled him by saying:

"Ye'll no get the eleven knots ye asked for. Yon greasy lookin' engineer lied aboot her, man. Nine knots oot o' the box an' ye'll be verra fortunit."

John Langton received this disheartening information in moody silence. The two men were standing on the fore-part of his deck, and his gaze went over the forward rail to watch the rise and fall of the *Newark's* bow. Above him, the charthouse barometer was falling steadily, and he reflected dismally that if the bad weather now threatening became fact, the miserable nine would be reduced further. He swung back to the engineer.

"We're not beat yet. Give her all you've got. More steam—anything, so long as you whack up the speed. I *must* get across, Chief!"

Andrew MacGregor's grudging reply: "Do ma best, but I promise nothing, ye ken!" gave no hint of the response the dour man made to this call for more speed.

A completely overcast sky, heavy with gathering storm clouds, prevented observations of sun or stars, and for two days John Langton could do no more than guess at how much those extra revolutions increased his speed. On the third day, however, there came an unexpected means of gauging his progress. Ahead, a smudge of smoke indicated that they were overtaking some vessel.

With his eyes screwed up to peer through binoculars, John Langton watched the smudge grow and grow until he could see the tops of masts and funnel. Lowering the glasses at last, he turned to Mr. Craddock and said boisterously:

"By heaven! I don't know what MacGregor's done, but that's the *Dacota*! And she's an eleven-knot ship, man!"

Three hours more and the Eagle Corporation steamer was abaft their beam, and falling astern rapidly. The astonishing rate at which they had overhauled her had banished John Langton's exuberance. Gloomily, he grunted the reason to Mr. Craddock.

"That ship's not going full speed. See the dead sort of way she meets the sea? No thrust about her. She's eased down . . . doubt if she's doing eight."

Mr. Craddock nodded. "Must've eased down for this heavy swell," he observed. "Still, we are leaving her behind."

An hour later, the *Dacota* was lost to view behind a wall of blinding rain and spindrift. The storm had come, and the same high wind that had whipped that flying scud from the wave-tops had lifted, also, the waves themselves until the steamer pitched violently in confused seas.

John Langton was on the bridge, taking what shelter he could behind a canvas dodger that, long since, should have been renewed. Tight-lipped, and with eyes half closed against the driving spray, he watched the *Newark's* behaviour.

Mr. MacGregor, his face glistening with oil, sweat, and salt water, climbed to the bridge and shouted:

"Will ye knock two, three knots off her? She's racing something awfu', man!"

John Langton bellowed back: "Let her race to hell. More steam . . . all you've got!" and glared savagely at an oncoming wave.

"Has the youngster gone daft?" Mr. MacGregor asked himself wrathfully as he made a precarious descent of the bridge ladders. But perhaps he remembered the time when he had been thirty years old and carefree because, a moment later, he soliloquised: "Ah weel! We canna do mair than bust!" And the *Newark's* steam valves remained full open.

A pale youth with a single zigzag stripe upon his sleeve came at the Captain with a rush that quickened as the *Newark* lurched sideways. John Langton caught him with an arm and unceremoniously thrust him to shelter a second before a solid sheet of water lifted over the bridge.

"What is it, Sparks?" he shouted, peering into the youngster's strained face.

"Distress call, sir. The *Galloway*. They're leaking . . . abandoning ship."

"What!" John Langton's grip tightened until the other winced. He repeated the message and felt himself being dragged towards the chart-house.

"Her position?" gritted the Captain. "Anyone else answered?"

The wireless operator gave the *Galloway's* latitude and longitude, and added:

"Yes, sir, the *Dacota*. She says: 'Madness. Do not abandon in this weather. Take you off when calm. Meanwhile, keeping my course.'"

John Langton glanced up sharply from the position he had marked upon the chart.

"Nonsense, man!" he said angrily, "no ship would send that. You've made a mistake."

"That's the exact message I picked up, sir," came the quiet reply.

For a moment, John Langton stood silent before speaking his thoughts harshly.

"How does he know they can hang on? How can he keep his course and be any use later on? Damnation, is he mad? Who is master anyway?"

John Langton did not wait for a reply to these jerky questions. Thrusting past the operator and out of the chart-house, his voice blared to the helmsman.

"Hard a port, quartermaster!"

The *Galloway's* position was fifty miles astern of them. He stood watching anxiously while the *Newark* turned. As her bow fell away from the seas, the pitch changed to a heavy, jerky roll that increased dangerously as the waves struck broadside.

Over his shoulder, the Captain shouted:

"Sparks, tell the *Dacota* I'm turning. Tell him want him too . . . have to search . . . difficult in this weather. Two ships on the job better. Tell the *Galloway*."

As the operator turned away, he gave another order.

"Get two boats ready, Mr. Craddock," he said, adding tersely: "may need 'em!"

The dizzying roll lessened as the *Newark's* stern came up into wind and sea. Now, a new peril threatened. Would the rudder and the steering chains, most vulnerable parts of any vessel, withstand the strain imposed by those pounding waves?

His hands tight gripped on the after rail, the Captain stood motionless, his gaze riveted upon their stern. The first few minutes would tell. The strain would be eased when the *Newark* began to gather way. Without turning, he shouted to the Second Officer: "Tell the engine-room . . . Drive her like blazes!" and as the telephone bell stuttered, gritted to himself: "Full speed's our best chance, here!"

The tense minutes passed and, relaxing a little, John Langton knew the rudder would hold.

Three-quarters of an hour later, they passed the *Dacota*. She was hove-to, making no attempt to turn as the *Newark* had done.

With set jaw, John Langton watched the ship loom out of the driving spray. Unable, before, to understand her silence he saw, now, a vessel disregarding the sea's most urgent call. Furious, he decided on a hazardous manœuvre. They were close, but he barked an order that would swing them still closer. Another jerky command sent the Second Officer scurrying for the megaphone.

As they passed, little more than fifteen feet of angry, boiling water separated the two vessels. There was those on board the *Newark* who braced themselves for the shock of collision, and muttered: "What's the Old Man doing?"

On the *Dacota's* bridge, her captain felt the breath whistling in his throat. Above the roar of the wind he shouted hoarsely:

"In heaven's name, what are you playing at, Langton?"

John Langton told him. Bellowing through the megaphone, and for all to hear, he shouted:

"Curse you! Put about to the *Galloway* or I'll brand you in every country that runs ships!"

They were drawing apart. John Langton, staring at the receding vessel, was muttering: "Blake of the Searle Line in the *Dacota*?" A pause, and then: "Good Lord, does that mean she sacked him . . . didn't know he rammed me deliberately. Knew nothing, as she said. Why . . ." he broke off, feeling at once uncomfortable and relieved.

The *Dacota* had disappeared, now, and he turned back to the forward rail. In the light of his discovery that Blake commanded the *Dacota*, he thought again of that curious message sent to a ship in distress.

"Hell!" he gritted. "What's going on?" Suddenly he became rigid. Had Blake some reason to be suspicious of that call? Was that why he hadn't turned? Pendulum-like, his thoughts about Patricia swung to the other extreme. Unaware of his own presence, had she sent the call merely to delay the rival, *Dacota*? His fists clenched, and he growled savagely:

"By Heaven! If that call isn't genuine . . ." he paused, and then added, "She daren't do that. I'd get enormous damages. No, the *Galloway* is in danger, all right!"

Three hours of intense anxiety followed. Driving a ship full out in visibility reduced to less than the

(*continued overleaf*)

CONTINUING

Captain Patricia's Trip

length of two vessels, and in a sea lashed to fury, is not the most pleasant of experiences. John Langton's eyes became red rimmed with peering through blinding mist.

Messages passed. Those sent by the *Galloway* were urgently worded and confirmed John Langton's decision that the peril was real. He whispered a prayer: "Oh God, let me get to her in time!" which had but indirect reference to the ship.

More messages; they began sounding their steam whistles. Intermittently, the *Newark's* mournful blast went forth; on her bridge, ears strained for the answering blast.

At last, it came—a muffled brrh away to starboard. The *Newark* replied; another brrrh came back. They had found the *Galloway*.

"Hard a starboard!" ordered John Langton.

Long minutes passed. The gale was blowing in gusts, and the Captain thought: "Weather's taking off a bit . . . my boats or his? I'd like Craddock on this job . . . if it's his, I'll stand to leeward . . . hope he's a *seaman* . . . of *course* he'll send her in the first boat."

"Full astern!" came his crisp order as the *Galloway* loomed up dead ahead. "Port, quartermaster! Stand by boats, Mr. Craddock!"

Suddenly, John Langton gripped the bridge rail, hard. A ship that develops a serious leak through smashing into head seas is usually bow down. *The Galloway was down considerably by the stern.*

"Now why the devil is that?" he asked himself.

Nor, gazing at the vessel, could he understand the urgency of the messages sent. Relieved, he thought "She'll last some time yet—no need for panic—wait the best opportunity."

About to send a message to this effect, he saw a boat swing outboard, watched it fill with people and, with sharp dismay, realised that the abandonment had been ordered.

"The fool!" he shouted violently. "No danger yet—he'll swamp that boat, and I'm not even in position."

But the boat lowered seaward and, with eyes closed to mere slits, John Langton concentrated upon manœuvring to prevent the crisis so needlessly precipitated.

"Slow ahead!" he ordered quietly. "Starboard, quartermaster. *Try* to get that boat on your lee bow."

A tremor went through the *Newark*. She wallowed and moved ahead slowly.

Tense and rigid, John Langton knew that she could not respond to her helm in time. Mentally he cursed the *Galloway* captain for making that criminally hasty launch. Had they waited, he could have manœuvred into a better position, signalled when ready, and minimised the danger by giving the boat the lee of his ship. Now, that was impossible.

More orders came from the immobile figure hunched over the *Newark's* bridge rail until, somehow, the lifeboat was bobbing about under his bow, and seamen with iron muscles were preparing to haul aboard unknown comrades.

Two men perished, and again John Langton cursed the *Galloway* captain. Poor devils, they jumped too soon, with the boat high on a wave-crest. They were killed instantly, crushed between the boat's splintering gunwale and the *Newark's* plating.

Others jumped. John Langton saw hands outstretched to Patricia Searle. Simultaneously, the *Newark* staggered, he saw dark water lifting high, and realised that the wave must crash across the open fore-deck and sweep aside the seamen who had called her to jump. If she did——

He never hesitated about leaving the bridge. The *Newark* was in no immediate danger, and he raced down ladders, shouting frantic warnings as he went.

With a thunderous roar, the wave broke and John Langton went down under the sheer weight of tumbling water. He struggled up, felt himself swept backward, and saw Patricia jump.

Ten feet of deck intervened between his position and where she must fall. Ten feet of tilted deck lost beneath a pother of swirling water that surged over the bulwark rails. A seaman might save himself, but a girl—half-stunned perhaps—would not realise the importance of clutching fast at the first obstruction encountered by bruised knuckles; and if she did, what strength would she have left to cling against waters seeking to drag her free and overside?

It looked hopeless. By little short of a miracle could he replace the seamen who had been swept yards down the deck. Yet he did it. Somehow, his own iron purpose beat the angry purpose of that wave, and Patricia Searle was in his arms.

Gradually, the seething waters receded. Men struggled to aid others, so injured as to be unable to struggle for themselves.

When Patricia stirred in his arms, sighed, and nestled more close, John Langton knew tremendous and overwhelming relief. She was safe and, for the moment, nothing else seemed to matter. But other thoughts came and with a grim expression in his eyes he glanced about for the man whose senseless action had brought her so near to death.

He saw Mr. Craddock and ordered "Take charge on the bridge, Mr. Craddock. She's all right. I'll be up soon." As the officer moved away, the Captain saw Mr. MacGregor and then, nearby, a man in captain's uniform whose hand clutched an iron stanchion. His face was grey; his features oddly disturbed by some emotion.

Faces turned quickly towards Captain Langton when his voice, cutting sharply across the confused murmur of other voices and the boom of breaking seas, demanded:

"In heaven's name, Captain Henry, what made you abandon like that?"

"Because I knew she couldn't last, damn you!" came the savage reply.

"Then why is she still afloat?" John Langton whipped back, staring hard into bloodshot eyes. "See her yonder?" he added, nodding towards the *Galloway*. "Not much lower than when you left."

Captain Henry looked startled, and there was uneasiness in the voice that blustered:

"What are you driving at? She'll go—any minute—now." Once or twice towards the end he had faltered, catching his breath. The knuckles of the hand grasping the stanchion showed white.

Still John Langton did not see that he was badly hurt. "Why didn't Blake stand by with the *Dacota*?" he questioned harshly. "And why is the *Galloway* stern down?"

"Blast him, because he made a mess of——" the words had been ground out contemptuously. They broke off as Captain Henry sagged forward, clutching at his chest. "Hell! what does it matter?" he gasped painfully. "I—I'm done."

Andrew MacGregor reached him first. With remarkable gentleness his oil-smeared hands sought the reason for the sudden collapse. Withdrawing a hand from inside the other's shirt he looked across to John Langton and said briefly:

"Chest—crushed in—can't last, poor fellow."

John Langton felt Patricia stirring to consciousness and, since the sea still threatened, he kept an arm about her as he bent over Captain Henry.

A twisted smile appeared on the dying man's face.

"You've guessed some," he whispered, "You might as well—know the rest. The *Galloway* didn't leak—we opened the seacocks!"

John Langton's arm tightened involuntarily about Patricia. She moved and, once again, looked into a face heavy with contempt.

"I did think of it," he said bitterly. "Wondered if you were out to delay me. Like a fool, I . . ." he broke off, interrupted by Captain Henry.

"Wrong, Langton! The *Galloway* was to sink, leaving the *Dacota* to get your cargo." A pause, and then: "We didn't know you were about . . . glad you were because Blake, c-curse him, got scared—weather. I wasn't scared, Langton."

John Langton saw that the bloodshot eyes were asking a question. The man was dying and, groping for his hand, he put aside his bitter resentment, and answered him.

"Of course not, man!" he said gruffly. "You had to leave her . . . couldn't wait for us to get aboard and perhaps discover what you'd done."

The other whispered: "T-thanks for saying that. I've not much to be proud of but . . . I'm not a coward." A long pause, and then the truth came out in a tumbling rush: "Blame the Eagle Corporation for this. They got at me just as they got at Blake. Paid well, too!"

A spasm of pain halted him for a moment. He rallied, and managed to gasp: "Perhaps it was always risky but if the sea hadn't taken a hand I'd have brought it off. Glad I . . . wasn't scared, Langton."

He died then, and the strange scene that had been enacted in the last few minutes was almost at an end. John Langton ended it, in a way that was as startling as it was unexpected.

Disengaging his fingers from the dead man's clasp, he stared across at the *Galloway*. There was silence, except for the dull boom of pounding seas. Suddenly, he turned back and faced Mr. MacGregor. In a tight-lipped kind of way, he said:

"Could we close those seacocks, Chief?"

Patricia Searle caught at his arm.

"What are you going to do?" she cried.

John Langton looked into her questioning eyes. In an oddly strained voice he explained.

"Listen," he said. "I misjudged you. Well, I'm going to try and make amends by saving the *Galloway*. The *Newark*," the faintest trace of disappointment appeared, "can't beat the *Dacota* . . . not enough speed. But if we get her under way, yonder ship can do it!"

"You can't. You mustn't!" cried the girl wildly. "Oh, John dear, you can't go back to the *Galloway*! Let her go!"

John Langton smiled, and loved her more than ever before.

"I told you you couldn't run ships alone," he said. "Nor can you, but you've tried so hard that I must help—just this once," he added hastily, remembering a year-old misunderstanding. "Besides," he went on, "I'd much rather the Searle Line got that cargo than see the Eagle Corporation pick it up."

He broke away from her, and was gone. Behind him, a girl with a tear-stained face whispered softly:

"He doesn't want my ships. He's saving the *Galloway* for *me*!"

Three seamen went with him. Mr. Craddock, imperturbable as ever, manœuvred the *Newark* even nearer to windward of the *Galloway* than his captain had commanded. By so doing, he gave five courageous men their best possible chance.

That it was a chance no one knew better than John Langton. The launching was not difficult; the journey across, not impossible. But the landing—that was the hazardous part of this mad adventure. No seamen lined the *Galloway* rails. They must trust to themselves, watch their opportunity, and jump blindly on to sea-washed decks.

It is certain that no one on board the *Newark* spoke during the next few moments.

In the lifeboat's stern, John Langton's grip upon the tiller was of iron and, as they neared the *Galloway*, his set expression showed the anxiety he was knowing lest his gamble should cost four men's lives.

An hour later the wind had ceased to shriek, and the sea, as though conscious that it must give these hard men best for once, was no more than sullen.

Signals passed. John Langton wanted a crew for the *Galloway*, from whose main discharge poured a steady stream of water.

Some minutes later the Captain turned from reprimanding his Second Officer for allowing Patricia Searle to come across in the boat, and, with the youngster still protesting that he had been unable to keep her back, said to the girl:

"Well—there she is. We closed the seacocks. Pumps are going now, and she seems no worse." He hesitated a moment, avoiding her gaze. "You're off to New York, I believe." Another pause, and then he added briskly: "I'm going back to Reval . . . see my father. I'll send Mr. Craddock across to command if you like. Good-bye, Pat and—good luck!"

It was Patricia's turn to ignore an outstretched hand. But she was smiling and, rather breathlessly, she asked:

"Don't you want to know why I was going to New York?" "I—yes. Why were you?" John Langton had moved a little nearer to her.

"Because, my dear, I had a foolish notion that I didn't want to be within reach of a certain daring sailor so soon after I had confessed to him that I couldn't run ships."

"What do you mean, Pat?" John Langton had her small hands in his, now.

"The *Galloway* is our ship, John. After you'd gone I saw your father about taking me into partnership. I—you see, although you were so terribly angry with me, I saw that it wasn't my ships you wanted." Patricia paused there, prettily confused by the sudden light in the man's eyes. Hastily, she added: "The agreement is on strictly business lines, of course."

"Of course," agreed John Langton gravely, and drew her to him. "Oh Pat, my dear," he whispered, "now that you know, will you take someone else into partnership—unconditionally?"

Patricia lifted up her face to give him his answer.

Andrew MacGregor, emerging from the engine-room, gazed at the pair for a moment in astonishment. Hurriedly turning away, he exclaimed to himself:

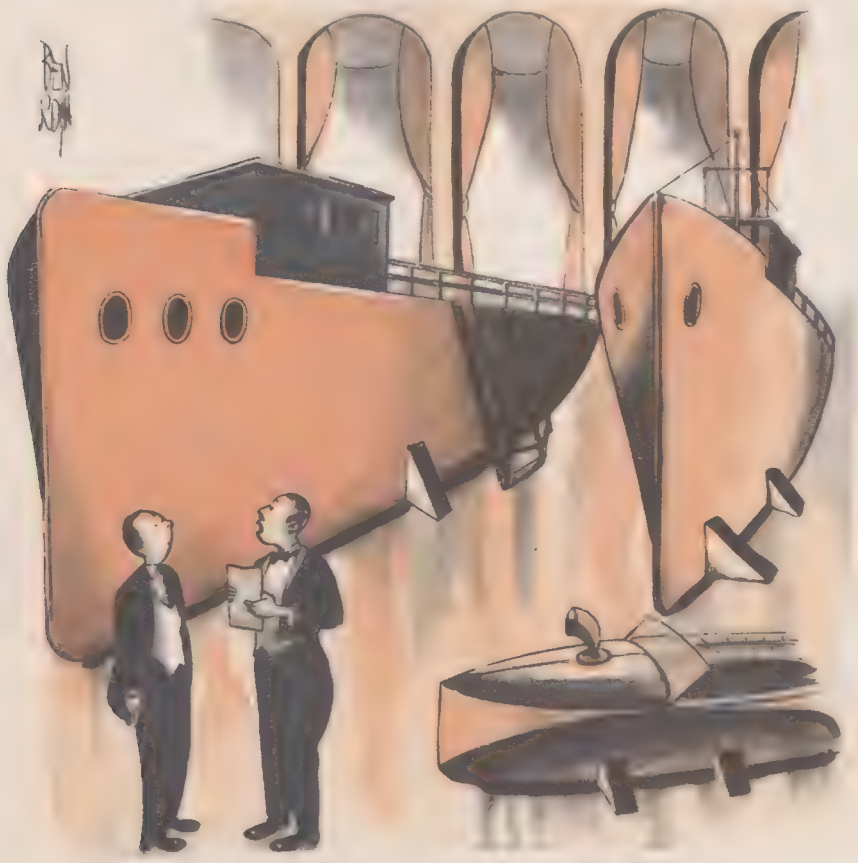
"Guid sakes! Yon's no the place to mak love to a lassie!"

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Did your wealthy aunt leave you anything for being so nice to her little dog?"
"Yes. The little dog."

The ventriloquist has a tooth removed.

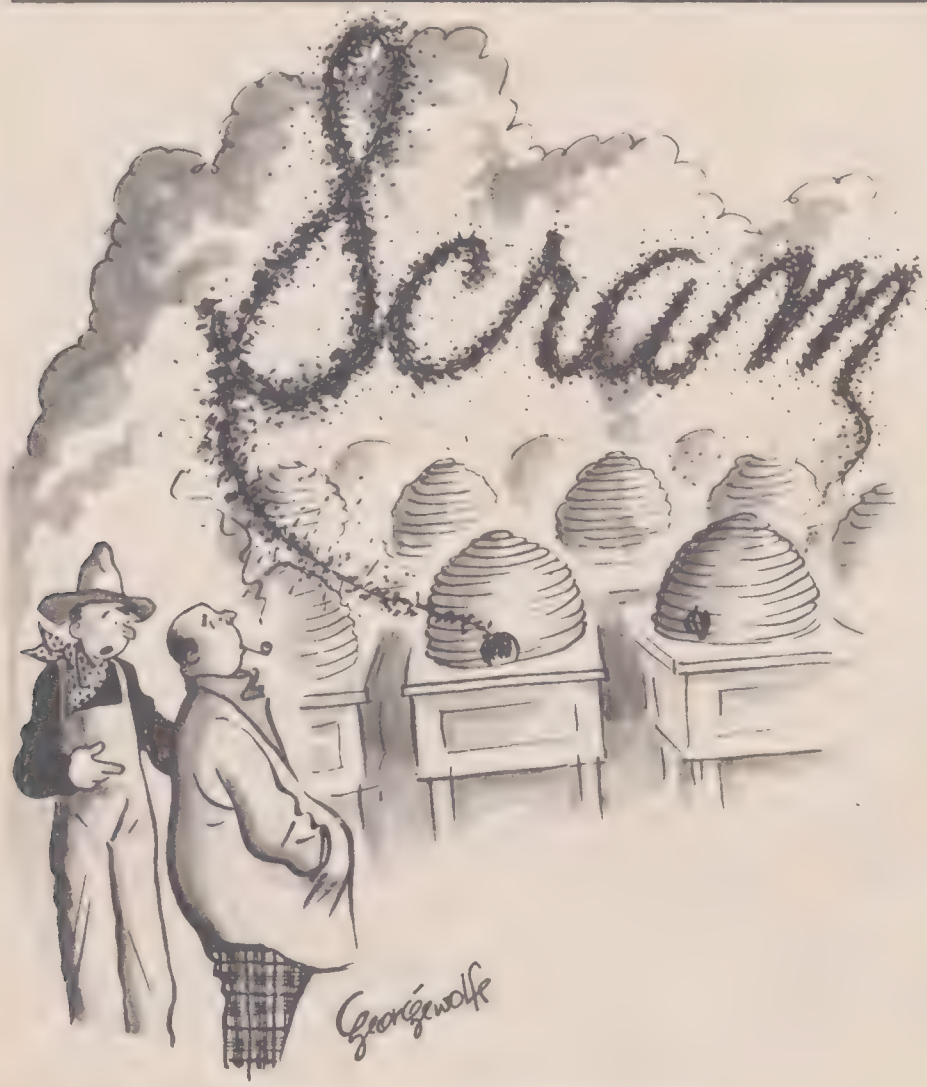


"When would you like your shore leave, Mr. Wilkins—the last two in July or the first two in August?"

"The wife sent it to the laundry."

A MAN SOLD

by A. C. BARRETT



"The bees don't want to be bothered to-day."

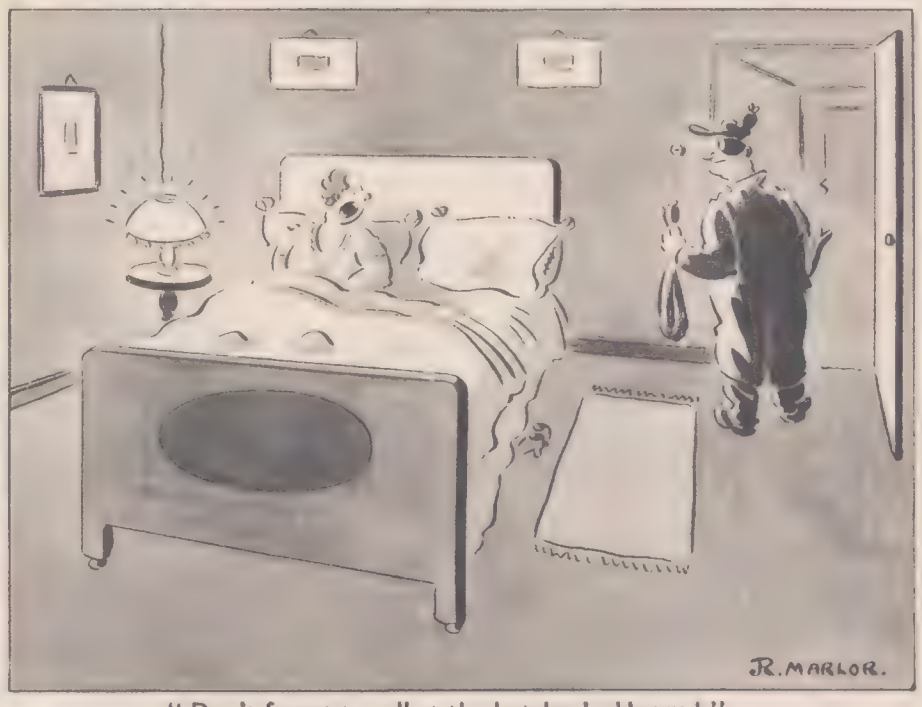
"See if you can get his mind on the ball?"

"Make me look like that."

"It was a shame the record of Olive and Kenneth's romance—

should later have been exploited for commercial Gain."

"Excuse me 'elping you on like this, miss, but that's my wife on the kerb."



"Don't forget to call at the butcher's, Henry!"

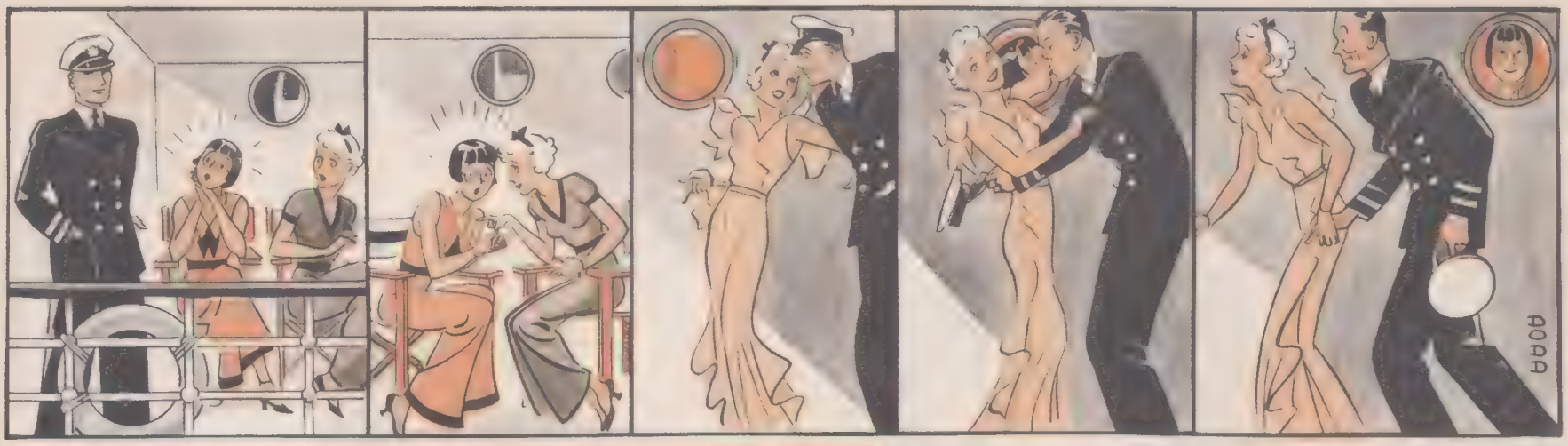
LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

"I have been driving a car for the last ten years and have only had three accidents."
"I have only had two."
"How long have you been driving?"
"Since the day before yesterday."
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

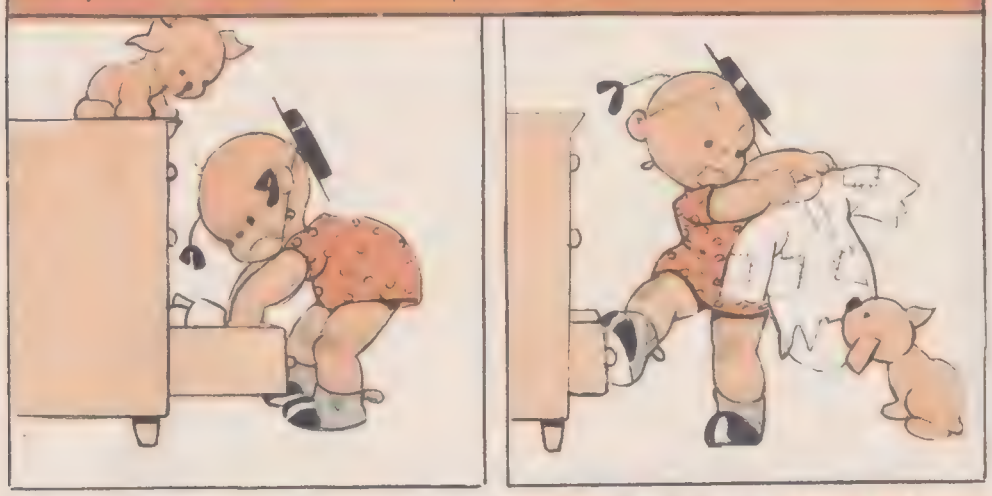
The shipbuilder acts as godfather.
Muskete, Vienna.

"Dammit, fellow—go down and shave!"
Sydney Bulletin.

PURL and PLAIN



MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL says "WOT A LIFE!"



"I told you there wouldn't be room for an honest stowaway on her first trip out."

I'm going to the races to-day with Bert
An' as I know he's a bold one
An' almost for certain to lose his shirt
It is going to be an old one!

OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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MANAGING DIRECTOR

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CONTINUING

Stowaway to Mars

BY

John Beynon

ILLUSTRATED BY CHESTER

Secrets of Mars

READ THIS FIRST Joan Shirning, daughter of a scientist, is discovered as a stowaway when the space-ship *Gloria Mundi* is travelling from earth to Mars. The pilot and designer of this flying bullet is Dale Curtance, dare-devil aviator, who with Burns, engineer, Froud, journalist, Geoffrey Dugan and Doctor Grayson hopes to travel to Mars and back to win £1,000,000 offered by a rival aircraft designer to the first man to make the inter-stellar journey.

He is very sceptical when Joan says her father found a "human-machine"—a box-like creature standing on eight jointed legs and with spiral feelers—which they believed had travelled from Mars to earth.

This mechanical man followed them about like a dog, tried to talk to them, and taught her to write in the language of Mars, but as soon as Professor Shirning tried to show the wonders of its metal body to scientists, it dissolved itself into a pool of metal. Everybody laughed at Shirning's story and it is to vindicate her father that Joan is a Stowaway to Mars. In the meantime the voyage to Mars has been made all the more nerve-racking by a fight between Dugan and Burns, who has been acting strangely, after the engineer had insulted Joan. Now read on

"NOT long now," said the doctor.

He and Joan were standing beside one of the windows. The pink disk had swelled to about the size of the full moon seen from Earth. It seemed to hang a little above them, looking only just out of reach. One would have only to be a little taller, it seemed, to stretch out and pluck the shining ball from the sky. It was so near now, and yet mysterious and secret as ever.

So puzzling, too, with its criss-cross markings which might be canals, its white-capped poles which almost certainly were ice-bound. The telescopic instruments had told them scarcely anything, for it proved to be exasperatingly impossible to keep them trained steadily upon one spot.

Froud was sure that he had seen a glint of water in one of the dark markings, but no one could support him. The doctor claimed to have caught a glimpse of a stone formation which could not be natural, but it had been no more than a glimpse, and he had been unable to pick it up again. The rest had distinguished nothing.

"Only four days more," the doctor amplified.

"An age. Four of the longest days I shall ever spend," she said, without turning. "Somehow, now that we are so near, I'm afraid. For the first time I am beginning to doubt whether it ever really happened. Suppose it was all a dream—that the machine never really existed at all. . . ." Her voice trailed away. They gazed up at the planet in silence for some minutes before she went on:

"If it isn't true—if they're right after all, and Mars is only a dead world with nothing left, or if it has not even lived, what shall I do? I can't go back and face them. . . . I couldn't face any of you . . . I'll kill myself."

It was her first sign of weakness. Her first admission of the questioning doubt which had nagged more and more insistently during the last weeks. Suppose after all that they had been wrong? That she and her father had been cruelly hoaxed? No, that was impossible. Such a machine could not have been built on Earth, and yet . . .

The doctor had turned away from the window and was watching her closely.

"That's not like you," he said, with a frown. "You've not been sleeping properly lately."

"Not much," she admitted. "It's this getting so close, and yet not knowing any more than when we left. Suppose . . ."

"You've got to stop supposing. You're getting edgy, and that's no help to any of us. Let me give you some stuff."

"All right." She nodded wearily. "But not just yet. Let me watch a little longer."

He grunted. "There's nothing to see yet. Old Mars is keeping his secrets well."

"I'm afraid," Joan repeated. "If I was right—if that machine was an individual what does it mean? What are we going to meet there? How are they likely to deal with us? It frightens me, Doc. Inhuman machines . . ."

He took her by the arm. "This sort of thing won't do, Joan. You're working yourself up to no purpose. I'll give you that sedative."

"Yes." She smiled ruefully. "This isn't like me, is it? I'm sorry. You won't tell the others?"

"I won't—if you'll take the stuff right away. A good long sleep'll do you a world of good. Make you see everything differently. Come along."

◆ ◆ ◆

Dale fastened the safety-belt and anchored himself into the control seat.

"Shutters closed," he ordered.

The great curve of the planet now occupied half the field of view, and it was with reluctance that his crew withdrew to swing the shutters across.

"We can afford to slow up more gently than we accelerated," Dale told them. "In fact, we'll have to, because I've got to see where we're going. Now, couches everyone."

"How I hate that order," murmured the doctor, as he obeyed and fastened his straps, this time unaided.

"Ready? Here goes then," Dale said.

He pushed forward his lever. The *Gloria Mundi* quivered throughout her structure. The droning roar of the rocket tubes grew louder. Bodies that had been weightless for nearly three months felt a curious sense of heaviness descend upon them. The pressure increased, the more unpleasant for its unfamiliarity. The speed indicator began to back to less fantastic figures as they approached on a spiral which took advantage of the planet's rotation. Two thousand miles above the surface Dale found that his ship was still going too fast. He advanced the lever farther.

"Ugh," grunted Froud. "Happy landing," he muttered, before he gave himself up to contemplation of his own discomfort.

The power of the rocket discharges increased. The passengers' symptoms became unpleasantly like those attending their start.

The *Gloria Mundi* landed close to one of the vegetation belts which wrap Mars in a large meshed web. Inevitably she toppled on her side, rolling and bumping as she slithered to a final stop. She came to rest with two of her windows buried in the sand and another staring straight up into a purplish-blue sky. By the time Joan managed to crawl from her couch back into the main room, the shutters on the other two windows had been

The flag unfolded gently in the breeze, Dale saluted.

swung back and a jostling was going on for vantage-points. The doctor surrendered his place to her, and withdrew. It was his job, in his capacity of the expedition's chemist, to analyse a sample of the atmosphere.

Joan gazed upon a Martian landscape for the first time. And she was disappointed. So poor a climax it looked for so much endurance. In spite of reason, their subconscious expectations had been higher, or, at least, different.

Now that they saw what had been foretold, she and Dugan beside her, felt let down.

It was a desert. A vista of reddish rocks and drifted sand, arid and hot, extending to the limits of their view. A dreary waste upon which nothing moved or grew; where the sun caught in glittering points upon harsh crystalline fragments, emphasising its inhospitality. Her spirits fell. Such a land could produce nothing, nothing at all. They had been right, those who had said that Mars was only a lifeless globe. Perhaps life, after all, was just an accident which had happened once. . . .

Then it was born in upon her that Dale and Froud at the other window were exclaiming excitedly. Even Burns was contributing a few sentences. She hurried across the floor (which had been the wall when the rocket was erect) and joined them.

Stunted, rusty-looking bushes of unfamiliar shapes dotted the sand at some distance from this side of the ship, stragglers from the main front of vegetation which began about a mile away. Poor stuff it was, scraggy and parched and brittle in appearance, but it represented life. The bushes had evolved here, what else might not have arisen? And they still lived. The planet was not dead while sap still flowed, however thinly through those twisted stems and coppery, spade-shaped leaves which fluttered a little in the breeze. The sight which excited the rest into exclamations, kept her silent.

The doctor's voice suddenly drew their attention. He had made his tests of the atmosphere.

"The components," he was saying, "seem to be much the same as our own, and not in very different proportions, save for a lower percentage of carbon dioxide. It will be perfectly safe for us to breathe it, but the pressure is considerably less than our accustomed fifteen pounds, so that it will be necessary for us to wear oxygen masks to supplement it. You will all be relieved to hear that we shall not have to use the cumbrous space suits, but, in view of the high temperature in the sun, we shall have to wear the heat-insulated overalls."

There was a rush for the lockers, and a babble of talk as they pulled on the stiff overalls.

"Thank God we've not got to use the space suits," said Froud. "Not only do they smell abominably, but it's quite impossible for a bloke to show the dignity proper to Earth's ambassadors when he's dressed up like a cross between a deep-sea diver and an Eskimo. Not, of course, that we'll look any too handsome in oxygen masks, but we'll be able to give them a suggestion of the true human shape."

Joan was wrestling with one of the spare overall suits which was several times too large for her.

"Well, none of your machines has come to look us up yet," Dale said, as he adjusted the oxygen pack over his shoulder-blades.

"You wait a bit." She attempted a light tone. "They'll turn up. It's not likely that a thing like the *Gloria Mundi* can have come roaring into Martian skies quite unnoticed."

"If there's anything beyond a lot of mangy-looking bushes to notice her," he answered sceptically.

"Give them time," she said.

"Quite," the doctor agreed. "You can't expect them just to pop up from the ground. If they exist at all, we don't know how far they may have to come. This doesn't look like a residential district even for machines. By the way, where are we?"

"Bit north of the equator. That's as much as I can tell you." Dale crossed to a locker. As he opened it, he said: "Everyone is to take a rifle and a belt of ammunition. I know it may seem a ridiculous thing to do, but remember that we know nothing at all about this place. Appearances may be quite deceptive."

"What? Me, too?" Froud expostu-

(*continued overleaf*)

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CONTINUING

Secrets *of* Mars

lated. "But, look here, what with movie-cameras and still-cameras and whatnot, I'm going to look like a bazaar and exchange column already. Have a heart."

"They don't weigh as much here as they do at home," was Dale's only consolation. "We can't afford to take any risks. Where life is possible for bushes, it's quite likely to be possible for other things."

"Ah, the Wellsian crabs again."

"We'll see. In any case, nobody is to split off from the rest until we know a bit more. That clear? We keep together."

He dealt out the light rifles and bandoliers and waited while they were slung. There was a further delay while Froud attached to himself camera-cases, stand-holders, light-meters, extra lens carriers, etc. At last:

"Behold! The human Christmas Tree," he said.

Dale saw to the adjustment of the masks and tubes which fed oxygen through the nose, leaving the mouth free. When he was assured that they were all working properly, he crossed to the entrance port and for the first time in the seventy-four days since they had left Earth, swung it open. One by one he passed his crew through the airlock.

Joan, the last to emerge, save for Dale himself, crossed the coarse, reddish sand to Froud's side. He was taking a series of snapshots of the uninspiring view.

"Martian idea of a landscape—pretty inferior," he said, conversationally. "I must say this place is something of a flop. We've got deserts every bit as good at home, and no need to dress up for them. Now I suppose I had better take a shot or two of the old *G. M.*, to be entitled: 'Earth's Adventurers at Their Goal,' or, 'The Triumph of——'"

"Shush!" said Joan.

"What do you mean: 'shush'?"

She nudged him, and nodded towards the entrance port. Dale had just left the airlock; in one hand he carried a trowel, and in the other, a rod with a flag attached to it. The rest watched while he dug a small hole, planted his pole, and stamped the red sand back about its base. He stood back. The Union Jack unfolded gently in the light Martian breeze. Dale saluted.

"In the name of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second of England, I proclaim this land a part of the British Commonwealth of Nations. In her name, and in the name of all the peoples of the Commonwealth, I honour the brave men who gave their lives that this thing might be done. To their memory let it be dedicated, to their glory let it thrive. They gave us this land, not in bloodshed, but with their life's blood. May we prove worthy of their trust."

In the silence which followed an air of constraint fell over the party. The doctor looked a little quizzically at Dale and then let his gaze wander to the journalist. But Froud did not catch his eye. True to his training, he was apparently interested only in providing a record of the occasion, and all his attention was engaged by the manipulation of a small movie-camera.

Dale finished his ceremony.

"What now?" Dugan asked, breaking the silence self-consciously.

"That seems to be the only way worth looking," Froud said. He pointed towards the bushes. The doctor agreed.

"I must have some specimens of those; the sooner the better."

"All right." Dale produced a small compass. "Heaven knows where the magnetic centre of this place is, but it's got one somewhere, luckily. If we assume that it is in the north it will give us something to go by. That means that the bushes are due west. Don't forget what I said about keeping together."

The thicker vegetation, when they reached it, proved to be much the same as the stunted bushes in all except size. Before long, it became clear that the party, with the exception of the doctor, was unspokenly endorsing Froud's opinion of the red planet. The twisted stems of the bushes were hollow and so brittle as to prove no obstacle. Their advance was accompanied by a sharp crackling of broken branches mingled with the papery rustling of the subsiding foliage, but the view of brown thickets continuously before them was as monotonous as the desert behind them.

After half an hour's progress, the only member of the band who did not feel that attainment can be the most potent source of dissatisfaction was the doctor. With what seemed to be a singularly slight supply of fuel, he managed to keep his botanical fervour at high pressure, continually causing delays by his determination to secure a specimen which, to the inexpert eye, showed no difference from the many shoots, leaves, branches, and roots he had already put in his boxes.

The vegetation belts bordering the Martian canals vary in width according to the nature of the soil. In satisfactorily porous regions they may extend as far as twenty miles to either side, but in others they dwindle into desert at no more than a mile or two from the bank. It was owing to the chance which had landed the *Gloria Mundi* beside one of the narrower fertile strips that her crew was able to notice a change in the condition of the plants when they had covered a little more than a mile. The bushes, though at first unchanged in type, were healthier and better nourished. It became a little less easy for them to force their way through. Moister stems bent more and broke less easily. Moreover, to the doctor's delight, a few new variations were to be seen farther on. He pounced with enthusiasm upon a number of bulbous, olive-brown plants not unlike spineless cacti, and held forth with an excitement which left the rest cold.

"Look like old leather bags to me," Froud told him. "How much farther into this not so virgin forest do you propose to lead us?" he added disconsolately to Dale.

"A bit farther yet," Dale told him. "Doc's got to get all the odds and ends he can, and it looks as if there might be more variety ahead."

As they continued, now with little enthusiasm, an uphill slope of the ground became increasingly perceptible. Almost another mile must have been covered when Dale stopped suddenly and held up his hand. They stopped wonderingly in a silence broken only by the rubbing together of the harsh stems and a flutter of leaves.

"What is it?" Joan asked.

Dale relaxed his listening attitude.

"I thought I heard something ahead—a sort of clanking noise. Didn't anyone else?"

They shook their heads, and he owned that he might have been mistaken. But, in spite of his words, his manner was more cautious as they went on and the rest caught from it a sense of expectation. A little later it was Joan who stopped them with a sudden command:—

"Listen!"

But again the silence remained unbroken save by natural stirrings.

"What's the idea?" Froud inquired. "Are you trying to make it more exciting by putting the wind up us . . . ?"

"Shut up!" snapped Dale.

Faintly, but quite unplaceably, the whole party distinguished a sound of crackling somewhere not far away. Without a word, Dale unslung his rifle and released the safety-catch. He moved ahead, holding it ready. But whatever had been responsible for the sound was not in his path, nor did it betray its presence again. Nevertheless:—

"This place doesn't seem to be quite empty, after all," Dugan said. "It must have been something pretty big."

As the bushes became stronger and higher and the going more difficult, Dale took the lead, and they fell without prearrangement into single file. The ground changed its character, becoming softer and less desiccated. Before long, Dale was calling back that it was lighter ahead, and a few minutes later they emerged into the open. In the astonished silence, Dugan said:—

"I suppose this *is* a canal, and not a sea?"

To both right and left the bank stretched away in an unbroken straight line. In front, the water reached to the horizon, ruffled lightly by the breeze, and sparkling in the sunlight. Dale tasted the water and spat it out again; it was brackish.

"All the same, it's one of the canals. They're a good many miles wide, remember, even the smallest of them."

"And the horizon's closer than it is at home," the doctor put in. "It's almost incredible that they should have been made artificially—and we don't seem to be much closer to knowing who or what made them. The slope we've been climbing must have been the stuff which they——"

"Look! What's that?" Dugan cried in sudden excitement.

He was pointing away to the left. A dark object, difficult to make out at such a distance, was pushing its way through the water. A fleck of white at the nearer end suggested a low bow wave. Dale pulled out his field-glasses.

"What is it?" Froud asked, striving to erect a tripod and change the lens of his camera simultaneously. "Coming this way?"

"Can't see. There's not much of it above the water-line. Shaped something like a whale. Seems to be going due south."

"Here, let me look!" The doctor almost snatched the glasses and hurriedly

(*continued on page* 30)

What it means to you—

—by Francis Williams

Oil for the Machines of Britain

AN experiment of considerable significance to everybody in these islands has recently been initiated with so little publicity that it has passed unnoticed by many people.

It is the first stage of the search for oil. If it is successful, it will mean that Britain joins the fortunate group of oil-producing nations that can tap the "lifeblood of the machine age" when they wish. This in turn would change the whole political strategy of this country, bringing in its wake a new industry to provide work for thousands of men.

The search for oil began on the slope of Portsdown Hill, overlooking Portsmouth Harbour, where a mighty derrick now dominates an encampment within which elaborate oil boring equipment of the most modern design has been installed.

Drilling has reached a depth of several hundred feet, and may be continued if necessary to 3,000 feet below the surface. Boring on a smaller scale is just being started in Sussex.

Meanwhile geologists are exploring other sections of the countryside beneath which oil is believed to exist. Soon in many parts of Britain giant derricks will tower against the skyline.

What the successful outcome of these experiments means will be seen as soon as it is realised how dependent this country is on oil from foreign sources, and how essential oil is in modern life.

It is used in dozens of modern industries. In one way or another it is more important in modern life than any other single product.

A peaceful nation must have it; a nation at war cannot exist without it. Once armies marched "on their stomachs"; now the mechanised armies move on oil. Navies burn oil, airplanes fly on it, submarines, transport lorries, tanks—all must have it.

So oil-hunger dominates the strategy of nations.

At present Britain has to import about 2,700 million gallons, of which only 122 million gallons comes from Empire sources. For the rest we rely on the Dutch West Indies, Iraq, the United States, Mexico and Rumania. The greater part of our crude oil supplies must pass through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean: and guaranteeing supplies would raise some difficulties in the event of a war.

That is why millions are being spent here on the plants that hydrogenate oil from coal; that is why more millions are likely to be spent on hydrogenation in the near future; and that is why in Hampshire and Sussex and Lincolnshire and elsewhere experts who have spent years in the Iranian oilfields are supervising the search for oil in Britain.

SPECIALIST'S CATARRH DISCOVERY

Mr. JOHN HOUBEN, to whom has been entrusted the World-wide distribution of the astonishing new Catarrh Remedy, now offers Free Relief by post to all sufferers who send the form below or call upon him personally at 110, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

Now Available for Sufferers Everywhere

Catarrhal Deafness, Head Noises, Coughing, Choking, Sneezing, Hay Fever, Constant Colds, etc., BANISHED FOR EVER

FREE INSTANT RELIEF AND GUARANTEED COMPLETE REMEDY FOR SLIGHT OR SERIOUS CASES

EIGHT years ago a London Doctor was so impressed with the unfortunate case of the chronic Catarrh sufferer that he devoted most of his time and energy to finding a remedy for this annoying, weakening and often dangerous complaint.

He experimented with all the usual inhalants, douches and medicines and introduced his own improvements, to the great relief of his patients.

It was not, however, until he had distilled an entirely new germicide—one that was perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, though absolutely deadly to the catarrh germ—that he knew he was on the right track.

Even that was not enough. Catarrh is such an obstinate disorder, spreading to every part of the system, that he had to perfect a complete fourfold method before the trouble was definitely conquered.

Complete Riddance From Catarrh

The results were astonishing. No matter where the germs lodged—in the passages of the head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines—the four-fold attack cleared them right out of the system. Not a single "centre of infection" remained from which they could spread back again to the nose and throat.

Now he has placed his discovery at the service of Catarrh victims all over the world. Being unable, for reasons of Medical Etiquette, to call public attention to his discovery, he has handed his formulæ with the results of his long and extensive experience of Catarrh, to Mr. John Houben, with instructions to use them to bring the greatest benefit to the greatest number of sufferers.

Mr. Houben knows that Catarrh sufferers have reasons to be sceptical as to loudly proclaimed "cures" for their trouble, so he has decided upon a means of convincing every interested person that his four-fold discovery is something unique and really effective.

Remarkable Free Offer

He will send to every Reader of this newspaper who applies on the Form at foot :—

1. A FREE Sample of the Doctor's powerful new Distillate, which will give INSTANT RELIEF, even in the worst cases. He will also send :
2. Full Particulars of his offer to treat everybody under a legally binding guarantee to *remedy their condition completely*. Either they are fully satisfied or it does not cost them one penny (apart from postage).

From past experience in thousands of cases of Catarrh, Mr. Houben knows that you will be not only satisfied, but astonished and delighted with the way your Catarrh will clear away.

The Joy of Easy Breathing

You will soon experience the Joy of Easy Breathing. Those constant headaches, choking, coughing and sneezing attacks will end. You will cease catching colds. The troublesome mucus in the throat will disappear. Your digestion and your general health will improve beyond belief. Head noises will cease. Your senses of hearing, taste and smell will all benefit.

If you have Catarrh, either slight or severe, whether merely a "stuffy nose" or a sore spot at back of throat, or whether you have been a sufferer for many years, there is no reason whatever why you should not now take advantage of this offer and see for yourself, without financial risk what this medical discovery will do for you. Send the form now. That is the first step to glorious new health and permanent freedom from an annoying complaint, which steadily gets worse if neglected, and which leads to dangerous and even deadly consequences.

FREE

INSTANT RELIEF for Catarrh Sufferers

To Mr. JOHN HOUBEN (Director),
Messrs. HAMLYN & HOUBEN, LTD.,
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Please send FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF for My Catarrh and offer to banish the trouble.

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I enclose 3d. in stamps for postage, etc.

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If your hair is weak, lacking in lustre, commencing to thin at temples or crown, or even if you have been quite bald for years, this offer equally applies.

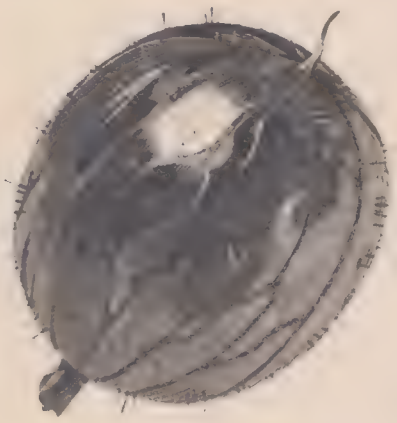
Obtain from your chemist or hairdresser, Boots, Taylors, Timothy Whites, etc., a 3/- carton of Mr. Frederick Godfrey's

RENAIR POMADE

Use half the contents; if you are not satisfied, return remainder to Mr. Godfrey, and your 3/- will be refunded, so fulfilling the offer of "Hair or No Cost."

Ladies and men also will find in the companion non-greasy preparation, **Renair Antiseptic Stimulating Hair Tonic**, also sold by chemists and hairdressers (at 1/9 per bottle) under a similar guarantee of "Satisfaction or Money Back"—a speedy, certain method whereby the hair is restored to perfect health and invested with the fascination of natural and colourful luxuriance.

If any difficulty in obtaining either preparation send at once to Frederick Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Matlock, Derbyshire.



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CONTINUING

Secrets *of* Mars

refocused. But he could make out no more. It was even impossible for him to decide whether he was looking at a living creature or a form of vessel. He swore fluently.

"How about letting off a few shots to attract its attention?" Dugan suggested. But Dale disapproved.

"No, there's no telling what that might let us in for—and we're a good distance from the *Gloria Mundi*. It'll be better to go a bit cautiously till we know more."

Froud had set up his small camera behind an enormous lens and was hopefully taking a series of pictures, with Dale, Dugan, and the doctor standing beside him, straining their eyes to catch more details. An exclamation behind them caused all four to turn at once.

Burns was facing them. His left arm was around Joan's waist, holding her with her back pressed against his chest. In his right hand he held a pistol.

Dale frowned and his eyes narrowed; he opened his lips to speak, but changed his mind. The look on the engineer's face warned him to be cautious. With an effort he cleared his frown; his voice sounded almost casual as he asked :—

"Hullo, what's the trouble, Burns?"

At the same time he kept his eyes on the girl's face, trying to convey by his attitude that she should behave calmly. It seemed that she understood, for he noticed that she relaxed a trifle, but he had reckoned without his companions.

"What the hell do you think you're doing? Take your hands off her, damn you!" Dugan shouted.

He stepped forward with his fists clenched.

"Get back," snapped the engineer. "Get back, or I'll drill you."

There could be no doubt that he meant it. Dugan hesitated and then sullenly retreated.

Burns turned his pistol so that its muzzle was pressed into the girl's side.

"If I don't have her, nobody has her," he said. "Now you put your rifles down over there"—he nodded at a spot half-way between himself and them—"one by one, or something very nasty is going to happen."

They hesitated, but the look in Burns' eyes was dangerous; he was not out to bluff.

"Come on," he snapped.

Froud shrugged his shoulders; walked slowly forward, laid his rifle down at the place indicated, and stepped back. The doctor followed, then Dale, and, finally, Dugan.

Burns nodded. "Now get back, all of you. Right back to the water."

They did as he ordered, and he walked to the rifles, still holding the girl.

"Pick them up," he ordered her.

Joan obeyed. The pistol pressed into her side gave her no option. She did not for a moment doubt that he would use it if necessary; she appreciated no less than the rest that in his present crazed, inflamed condition he was capable of anything. The pistol which Froud had given her was in her pocket, but the pocket was hopelessly out of reach beneath the stiff overalls. Even had it been handy, she doubted her ability to seize it and get in the first shot. One by one she handed the rifles to Burns and he, transferring the pistol from one hand to the other, slung them over his shoulders.

"And your own," he said cuttingly. "Don't forget that."

She slipped it off her own shoulder and handed it across. He looked at the four men thoughtfully and then dropped his eyes to his own pistol. It was an unpleasant moment.

"No," he decided, "no sense in wasting good bullets. But if any of you are thinking of following us—just think again, that is my advice."

His large hand closed on the girl's arm. He grinned unattractively.

"You——" Dugan began.

Burns jerked his pistol round. There was a sharp crack and a spurt of dirt at Dugan's feet.

"Next time it'll be higher," he said.

He left them without another word. Casting frequent glances over his shoulder, he led the girl back by the way they had come.

The four who remained watched Burns and Joan disappear into the bushes. It was some time before anyone spoke. Froud sat down on the ground, dismantling his camera and folding up its stand. The rest stood watching him. At the moment there seemed to be nothing to be said. It was Dugan who asked the question which the rest had thought not worth putting into words.

"Well," he said harshly, "aren't we going to do something?"

"Not yet," Dale told him briefly. Dugan stared.

"What's wrong with you? If you're not going to help that girl, I am."

He turned and ran towards the bushes.

"Come back, you fool," Dale called, but Dugan took no notice. He disappeared at a trot in Burns' track. A moment later came the sharp crack of a shot. The three men looked at one another, but Dugan reappeared. He returned looking shaken and not a little sheepish.

"Felt the wind of it," he said.

"You were lucky," Dale told him. "Now sit down and behave as though you were grown up."

"What," Dugan asked again, but less heatedly than before, "are we going to do about it?"

The doctor laid his hand on Dugan's arm.

"Quietly, lad. You don't see what the trouble is. What you're wanting now is a good stand-up fight with a man whom you consider a swine."

"Well, isn't he?"

"May be, but the point is that for the moment, at least, he isn't sane. I've been watching him these last few weeks—perhaps it is my fault in a way that this has happened: I ought to have warned you all that he was on the edge. But I counted on our arrival here having a normalising effect; I was wrong. He isn't responsible, and in his present state you couldn't help doing more harm than good: he'd kill her rather than let any of us get near, of that I'm certain. In fact, I'm surprised he didn't shoot us as we stood."

"But suppose we were to cut quickly through the bushes parallel with him and ambush him at the other end?"

"What! With those leaves making a noise like a whole brown-paper factory? Have some sense," Froud said. "No, Doc's is the idea. She's got a pistol, and she'll get a chance to use it sooner or later."

"And if she doesn't?"

"Then it's a poor look-out for us. I suppose Burns will just sit comfortable in the *G. M.* and watch us pass out from suffocation."

"But what good's that going to do him? He can't take the *G. M.* back alone."

"Can't you get it into your nut that the man isn't sane any longer? All he wants at the moment is the girl, and revenge on us because he supposes we left him out—he isn't thinking of himself beyond that."

Conversation languished. Each of the four sat silently considering unpleasant possibilities.

"How long are you giving him, Dale?" the doctor asked, at last.

"I thought an hour. It's difficult to tell. For all we know, he may still be waiting for us round the first corner."

Dangerous Question

"IS that straight?" When pictures are being re-hung after the spring clean, this question will often arise. It may be a dangerous question.

The housewife on tiptoe on a chair over-reaches to straighten the picture, slips. . . .

The sequel to such a mishap may easily be a broken arm or leg involving perhaps months of rest and consequent expense.

If, however, the victim of any such conceivable domestic mishap is a registered reader of THE PASSING SHOW, she will promptly receive a substantial cheque under the Home Accident section of its Free Family Insurance Gift.

No fewer than 37 benefits for accidents on the sports field, while boating and bathing, in the street, while travelling by rail, road, sea or air, and children's accidents, etc., are incorporated in this generous Free Insurance Gift. If you have not yet registered, do so at once by signing the forms on page 41.

The other nodded. An hour, he thought, should give them a good margin, provided they went cautiously. He doubted whether a man in Burns' state of mind would have the patience to lie long in ambush.

Dale rose when the time was up.

"Now, remember, go as quietly as you can. And we're not going to hurry. Caution's a damn sight more important than speed just now. Our game is to be near when something happens, but we don't want to make it happen."

They had covered perhaps a third of the distance to the rocket when there came the sharp, unmistakable sound of a rifle-shot ahead. Dale, in the lead, stopped dead, listening. There was a second shot, followed by several more in rapid succession. Dale broke into a clumsy run, keeping his feet with difficulty against the low gravity which threw him into a series of striding leaps. The rest followed as well as they were able. If it did cross Dale's mind that this might be a trap cunningly contrived for them, he took no notice of the idea. Undoubtedly there had been things other than themselves moving in the bushes. It looked as if Burns had discovered what those things were.

They found him no great way from the edge of the desert. His body lay in the centre of the track, face to the sky. It was nasty. Of the girl there was no sign.

The four stopped abruptly. The sight was sickening.

"Good God," said Froud. "What can have done that?"

He looked nervously about him. There was no hint of anything lurking in the bushes, no sound but the fretting together of the dried stems and the whispering rustle of the leaves. Yet a short while ago something had been here—something big and dangerous. The doctor knelt down without a word. He raised the trampled and broken body, slipped the rifle slings from the shoulders and handed the weapons back to their owners. There were six among the four of them. Dugan took two. Dale bent down and eased his second out of the dead hands. Its magazine was empty. He reloaded before he spoke. The rest waited for him with their eyes restlessly searching the thickets and the rifles ready in their hands.

"She may have run on to the ship," he said. "We'd better look. Later, when we know what we are up against, we'll come back for poor Burns."

They went on. Slowly this time. Doing their best to minimise the crackling of each step. They explored the meshed bushes around them with apprehensive glances, fearful of seeing an unexpected movement.

The vegetation became shorter and sparser, and they knew with relief that they were nearing the desert once more. Once on the open sand they would be safe from a surprise attack. In the tall scrub the advantage lay overwhelmingly with the attacker. A hundred yards more and they had reached the edge. The taller growths gave way quite abruptly to the little, knee high withered shrubs. Beyond lay the rolling dunes of reddish sand and occasional outcrops of rock, and across them they could see the *Gloria Mundi* aglitter with slanting rays of the sun. An audible sigh of relief rose from all four of the men.

"What was that?" Dugan said sharply.

"What was what?"

"I saw something flash, close to the *G. M.*"

"Probably Joan showing she's seen us," Froud suggested. "I expect she's—yes, there it is again."

They had covered half the distance when Dale called another halt.

"It seems to me I can see things moving just by her," he said.

"You're right," Dugan agreed. "But I can't make out what they are. Do you think——"

"Look!" cried the doctor. His voice held a panicky sound which made them spin round.

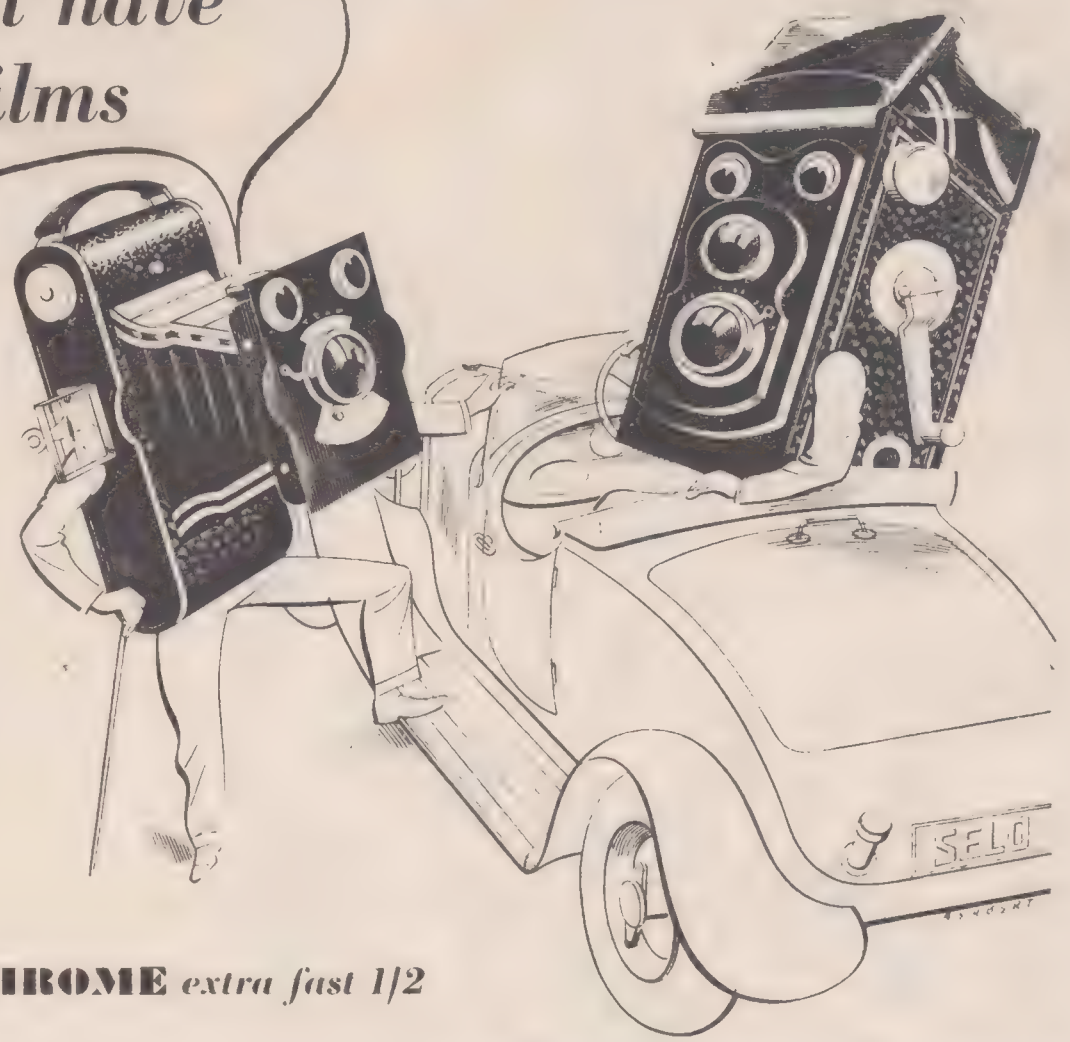
Emerging from the bushes they had just left was a procession which left them speechless.

Dale alone kept his presence of mind. Close beside them was a small hillock of broken rocks and drifted sand. He gave order to run for it.

"And hold your fire till I give the word," he added, as they flung themselves flat upon the top.

NEXT WEEK:
What Happened to Joan.

we must have **SELO** *films*



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V.53.

Time and trouble and a love of gardens can turn even a builder's debris into a plot that will enable the novice to share the joys of creation.

WOMAN to WOMAN

by Isabel Aldridge

I OPENED the french windows and stepped out into the garden.

"Isn't it marvellous?" I breathed. "Our very own garden!"

Stanley flicked his cigarette ash into a section of drain pipe that had been left standing outside the drawing room window.

"I feel," he said, "that we would be able to see its full beauty better if the builders hadn't been so generous. For instance, that half ton of bricks"—he waved a hand vaguely towards the southern boundary of our estate—"prevents a clear view of the rose garden. And don't you think the lawn would be improved if the plumber hadn't had baked beans for his lunch every day? I've no doubt he thought he was giving our vegetable garden a good start off with all those tins, but they do ruin the turf!"

I made no reply. I was impervious to gibes. The tiny square of waste land, littered with bricks and tins and debris, looked good to my eyes. I had lived in a flat for four years, and was homesick for the smell of newly turned earth.

But Stanley's words gave me a good idea. Why shouldn't I have a vegetable garden? It would be futile to attempt to transform the tiny patch of ground into anything at all pretentious. I did not want a little show garden with its inevitable lawn in the centre and conventional borders.

"By July we shall be eating our own runner beans," I said enthusiastically to Stanley. I could already see the long slim green pods hanging in symmetrical formation by the south fence.

"That will be better for Bunty than the beans he's trying to retrieve from that tin," replied my unimaginative spouse.

I removed our offspring to a safer place and continued my plans for the perfect garden.

With the aid of a friendly dustman and a very old but still active jobbing gardener, I disposed of the tins, drainpipes, broken tiles and oddments of joinery the builders had seen fit to leave us. The bricks I kept to make a basis for the little half circular lawn I intended to have outside the french windows. It would only be a few feet in diameter but would accommodate a couple of deck chairs and Stanley's recumbent form.

My ancient assistant stayed with me until I felt I could manage single-handed. By this time the ground had been well dug over and I had a narrow path of crazy paving down one side of the garden. I intended to have a rose pergola dividing my patch of grass and two flower borders from my all-important vegetable beds; but this could wait.

Armed with a large gardening book and much enthusiasm, I set to work. We had moved into the house at the beginning of February, so I knew I would have to hurry if I was to have any results in my first season.

By the middle of March I had planted carrots, runner beans, peas, radishes,

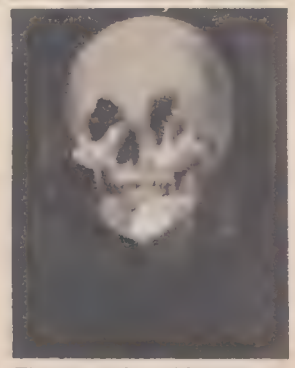
CURIOSNAPS

"Passing Show" readers who send in original photographs of queer sights suitable for this feature receive 10/6 for each picture published. They should enclose a stamped addressed envelope

Shakespeare gets the bird! But perhaps the little bird didn't know it was Shakespeare.

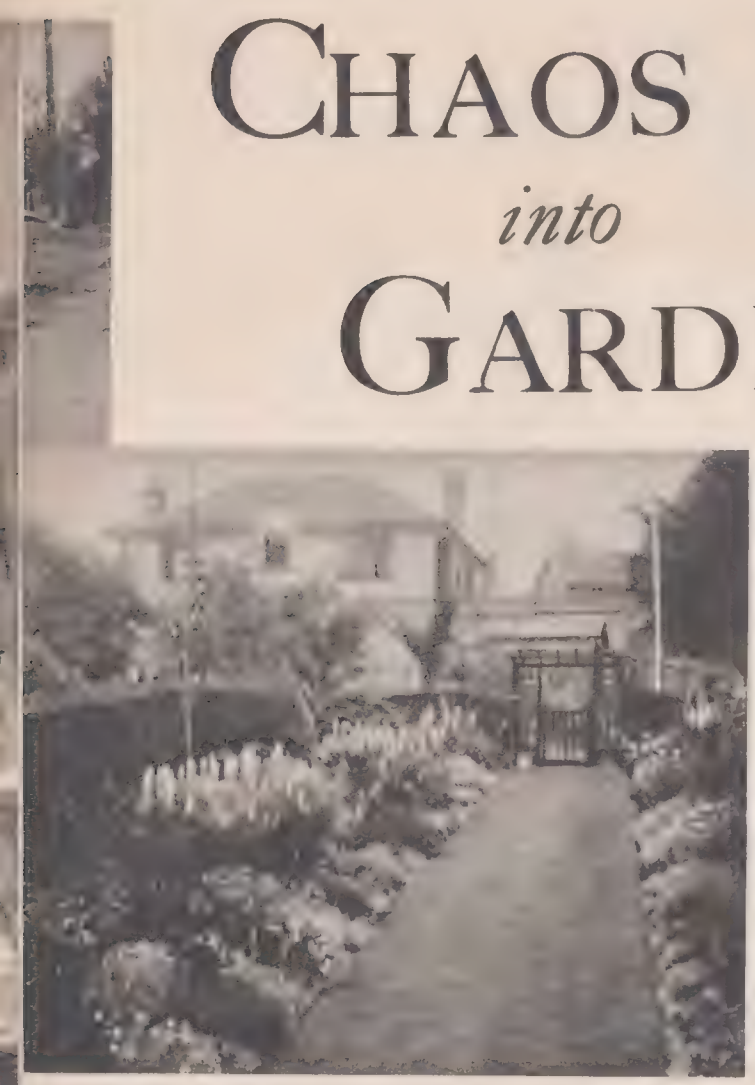
Frightening façade of the Haunted House at a Margate fun fair. Coming in?

This peculiar headdress is looked upon as smart in parts of S. Germany.



This snap of an old painting gave the subject a gruesome skull-like effect.

CHAOS *into* GARDEN



savoys and spinach—this without much encouragement from my sceptical family.

Stanley, whose sole contribution to gardening is a steady if not always constructive criticism, and a flair for supervision, thought I was making quite good progress, but was anxious to know if the smut on my nose was to be a permanent decoration or if it were just coincidence that it was there whenever he happened to see me. The look on his face indicated quite clearly that I might be a perfectly good carrot grower, but that I was very much in need of a "manicure and facial."

I felt rather stricken for, despite my determination to make my garden a success, I was equally anxious not to become one of those open air women who scorn to use powder, and exist perpetually in an old coat secured at the waist with a piece of string.

I spent three precious hours evolving the perfect garment for the lady gardener. It was a smock, made in a pretty check gingham, which slipped over the head. I did not make it in a wrap-over style because, although it is easier to get into, I know from bitter experience that the smallest gust of wind turns this respectable garment into a complete revelation of one's underwear.

Across the front I made a really capacious pocket, divided into three sections, which would hold scissors, a roll of bass, a pair of gloves, a small mirror, a comb and a powder puff. Dressed in this, with a neat beret to match, even Stanley had to admit it was possible to garden and still retain one's looks.

I was careful to wear gloves whenever possible, but when I had to do thinning out or planting, I gave my hands a good rub in with glycerine to prevent the dirt from hardening.

The rest of my family, three-year-old Bunty, displayed an even greater doubt of my ability to produce eatable vegetables from seeds.

"These aren't radishes, mummy," he announced triumphantly one morning, staggering into the dining room with a box full of tender green shoots.

I gave one look, and rushed down the garden path. Every single radish had gone. He is a very thorough child. I had explained to him when I put the seeds in that very soon they would be radishes and we would be able to have them for tea. Anxious to prove his mother wrong—a regrettable tendency of the modern child—he had investigated the matter.

The only thing to do, I decided, was to let him grow some vegetables for himself. I gave him a little patch of ground for his experiments and a few packets of seeds. I cannot say that the results were remarkable, though he did get one fine carrot, which he somehow managed to overlook in his periodical uprootings to see how his plants were progressing.

It did, however, have the desirable result of preventing him interfering with my activities. With true masculine arrogance, he indicated that my efforts were merely a woman's dabbling in a subject that was man's serious work.

At the beginning of April I thinned out the carrots and the crop of radishes with which I had replaced those destroyed by Bunty. I put in some more beans and peas so as to ensure a succession of crops, keeping the ground loose by judicious use of the hoe.

As I had to devote so much time to the vegetables, the flower beds had been somewhat neglected. I decided to leave any careful planning of these for next season, and just to concentrate on having a splash of colour and beauty for this summer.

From a grubby gentleman who called at the back door, I purchased four scarlet geraniums in pots, a box of mixed antirrhinums, and a box of ten-week stocks. He assured me hoarsely that the geraniums would flower throughout the summer, and that the stocks would all be double. I planted these more or less symmetrically in the two beds and waited to see his prophecies mature. Then I went and picked my first crop of radishes.

I held the round, rosy root in the palm of my hand. My first born. I felt a creator, indeed.

As the summer advanced, I knew I had more than covered the cost of my original outlay, both on seeds and plants. We ate our fill of home-grown lettuces, radishes, peas and beans, and I was able to give away quite a lot. The grubby gentleman had been right about the geraniums but wrong about the stocks. With one or two exceptions, they were all single. However, the beds were a mass of colour and perfume, so I did not grumble.

Stanley is engaged at the moment in putting up the rose pergola. He was most indignant at my suggestion that we should have a man in to do the job.

"I always said we could do the garden ourselves," he said, reproachfully. "Look what a success we made of the vegetables."

"Yes, dear," I said, meekly, as I went to gather some beans for dinner, "*we* certainly did."

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by Simpson

STOKES

I went in, and had the shock of my life.

The EGO of *Seth Bitumen*

NOBODY, in all human history, could possibly have died harder than Seth Bitumen. It was pathetic to see how tightly he clung to earthly assets long after it had become as plain as the nose on your face that he was booked for a place where money doesn't matter any more.

"How many orders in this morning?" he would gasp, when Oliver Pillbrown and I had propped him up with pillows so that he could get his breath more easily. And when Oliver had told him, he would exhaust himself with trying to calculate how much net profit the orders would represent to him.

"Always fifty-fifty, Oliver," wheezed Seth. "Mind—you were always the extravagant partner. Don't go buying anything or spending anything while I'm laid up. Selling is all *we've* got to do. And mind you don't risk any bad debts. You were always the reckless partner in trusting folk, so you were."

Unlike as chalk and cheese were these two partners in the firm of Bitumen & Pillbrown, Est. 1899. Bitumen: cadaverous face, wide gash of a mouth, tight-lipped, tomahawk chin, head thrust forward and downward on a tortoise-like neck protruding from a wide circumvallation of collar, rheumy eyes peering through great iron-rimmed spectacles (gilt spectacle frames were too dear), thin querulous voice.

Pillbrown: small, rotund, fatly-smiling face, eyes twinkling behind gold pince-nez, general demeanour suggestive of a well-fed, cheeky sparrow with a bowler hat cocked dashingly over one eye—but rather timid when in danger of being found out in any of his escapades, and inclined to be needlessly apologetic before being actually accused or taken to task. Good-hearted little chap, Pillbrown, easily led.

You must know that my wife and I ran an apartment house and that Bitumen was our oldest lodger—had been with us for over ten years. Regular as clockwork in paying, but was mean and mingy over extras, such as additional scuttles of coal, cups of tea served in his bedroom, or when he invited Pillbrown to dinner, which meant more carvings off the joint and more helpings of greens and potatoes. But he was a standby. Others came and went; Bitumen stayed.

My wife, however, had one continual grumble about him—that is, he would never let her give his bedroom a good clean out. Consequently, with the sheaves and bundles of old papers heaped in sugar boxes and crates under the bed, on top of the cupboard, and even under the table, the ever-growing accumulation of shelves lining the walls, rows of dog's-eared books and Lord knows what else, the room, as my wife expressed it, was not fit for Christian people to inhabit. Still, it was his own room so long as he paid for it, and he was always so regular.

Then, as time went on and his illness grew worse, it was evident that he would not be our lodger much longer, and he knew it himself. My wife tried to induce him to go to a nursing-home or a hospital—being scared stiff of death in the house. But Bitumen got so agitated that he nearly had a fatal relapse.

"Look here," he said, when he could get his breath, "you've been good to me. I'll pay you well—see. Here's my last will and testament. I've left you and your missis two hundred pound between you on condition that you'll let me stay here until my time comes, and that you'll not disturb, clean out, or let my room for a full twelvemonth afterwards; that is, unless Mr. Pillbrown wants to take it. Just think! Two hundred pound! It's a fortune!

"I leave it to you willingly because I've had this room so long that everything in it seems to be a part of me—every ink-stain on the table, every hole in the curtains, every speck of dust on books and papers. But I'd like Mr. Pillbrown to take it over when I'm gone. He's living too expensive where he is now, and I should turn in my grave if he took more than he ought to out of the bizniss after he's lost my guiding hand what made him what he is."

Later, he said:—

"It'll be a terrible wrench to leave my money behind me, and all the bizniss assets in Mr. Pillbrown's charge. I'd give both arms and legs to last another two year, but I can read what's coming like an open book."

He groaned aloud and his rat-trap of a mouth snapped impotently.

That evening Pillbrown came as usual to report about the office. Seth Bitumen was in a bad way. His pulse was rapid and his breathing stertorous. But he insisted on having his spectacles put on his nose so that he could see the typewritten list of orders received and invoices sent out.

"I shouldn't try to read it, if I were you, Seth," said Pillbrown, trembling with some strange anxiety. "Let me read it out loud to you."

But Seth's obstinate tortoise-head and peering eyes, his aggressive nose and firm-clamped mouth, and the imperiously trembling hand which he stretched forth for Pillbrown's paper—all alike told us how useless it would be to argue.

The moment he saw the typewriting he gave a great gasp. Pillbrown wrung his hands and looked a picture of abject agitation. I moved to Bitumen's side with a dose of the doctor's pink syrup.

The patient struggled for speech:—

"Wh—wh—who—typed—this?"

"Miss Fogg, as usual, Seth," said Pillbrown, making half-demented efforts to soothe his partner by stroking the bedclothes. "I simply had to get a new typewriter for her. The old machine was falling to bits."

This reply seemed to galvanise Bitumen into new life. He sat quite upright, without aid, and pointed an accusing finger at the shrinking Pillbrown.

"Why didn't you tell me? Did you say a *new* machine? Isn't there a second-hand one? How much did you pay for it? What did you get in exchange for——?"

The effort was too much. He collapsed and never spoke again—but even to the last his avaricious eyes coveted every minute on the bedside clock and his hard mouth strove to mumble precepts and chidings.

In many ways it was a relief when he'd gone. Two hundred pounds for the wife and me, just for leaving the room unlet for a year, was a princely sum. Besides, after a good clean out and re-decoration, we would be certain to get a less stingy lodger when the twelvemonth was up. So, altogether, things were decidedly improved.

However, my wife's secret intention of cleaning the room at once received a drastic check, for the old reprobate had actually paid for a solicitor to come and inspect the apartment every month to make sure that the provisions of the will had been carried out to the letter. And another drawback was a clause in the will providing that Pillbrown should work alone in the room for an hour every week-day evening until such time as he had sorted out and listed the whole of the accumulated papers and books for the inspection of that same solicitor.

"The worst of it is," said Pillbrown, a pall of ruefulness hanging over the dashing part of his make-up as he surveyed the rubbish on the evening after the funeral. "The worst of it is that I don't touch a penny of Seth's share in the business until I *have* sorted out this rotten old dustbin and showed everything to the solicitor."

My wife was paying one of her very rare visits to the room at the time.

"It's just as if he were still here," she shuddered. "The wretch was right when he said that every speck and stain was a part of himself. See what he has done? He couldn't bear to go decently when his time came, so he is hanging on here for another whole year, just to give people trouble and to make them wait for what is their due. I can almost hear him breathing now—all over the room at once."

Pillbrown started at this, and glanced uneasily round at the shadowed corners and at the boxes that protruded from under the bed like so many makeshift coffins of dead transactions.

(*Continued on page* 36)

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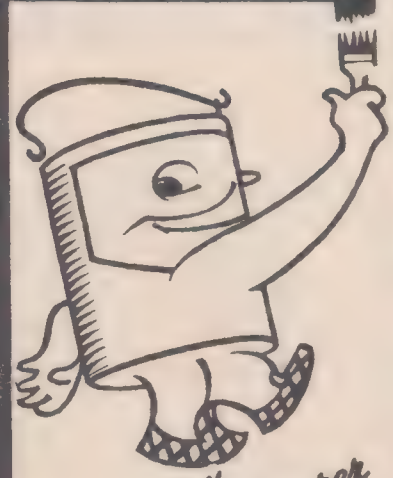

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Continuing

The Ego of Seth Bitumen

"Steady on, Mrs. Yardish," he said, his face losing the last vestige of its jaunty expression. "Don't put thoughts into a chap's head. I've got to spend an hour every evening five times a week in this room; don't forget."

He pulled himself together with a characteristic call on his natural buoyancy, and added: "However, soonest started, soonest finished. I'll begin with the shelves over there. Lend me a bottle of ink, will you, Yardish?"

He commenced work, whistling.

I did not hear him go, as I was busy helping the wife with the accounts in our little parlour at the back. Of course, Pillbrown had his own key to the room and could let himself out at the front door.

Next night he came along wearing a brand-new suit of brown and yellow checks and smoking a fat cigar. His eyes were twinkling, and he looked just about ripe for some sort of escapade up in town after he had finished his hour's checking and sorting in Bitumen's room.

"Been rather tied up since Seth got ill," he mumbled. "Bit of a strain on a man. Think I'll just run out and see a show up West presently."

"Why not?"

"Now that he's underground——" said Pillbrown tentatively.

"Just so," I said. "Anybody would want a little relaxation."

He seemed pleased at that, and went upstairs with alacrity. But he hadn't been working in the room more than ten minutes when he called down to me over the banisters.

"Yardish! Can you spare a minute?" His usually rather laughing kind of voice sounded strained, hard, and high—strangely different. I went up at once, and I could see that Pillbrown was agitated though he strove not to show it.

"Can you fix up a stronger lamp on this point, old man? Sorry to bother you and all that, but the light isn't too good here. A new bulb, eh?"

I got him what he wanted and changed the globes. The old one was not only encrusted with dirt, but the filament was nearly burnt out. No wonder the room had looked gloomier than need be.

"Thanks ever so," said Pillbrown. "It's much better properly lit. Do you know, I felt quite queer a few minutes ago—just as if old Seth had been whispering among the papers telling me not to waste money on a show up West. Just like Mrs. Yardish said the other day—you can almost hear him still breathing all over the room at once."

"Pooh!" I said easily. "He's dead enough and buried all right. What does anything matter to him now, and why *shouldn't* you enjoy yourself a bit?"

He liked that, and I left him. At the end of his hour I heard the door of the room upstairs slam heavily. Then there was a quick patter of feet down the stairs. Pillbrown was running. He fumbled with the latch of the street door as though he were in a panic and then that door slammed too, just as I came into the hall from the basement. Funny! Perhaps he was late for an appointment. Anyhow, I would see him again on the morrow.

He arrived half an hour later than usual, again wearing his vivid check suit. In lieu of a cigar, however, he sported a double carnation in his buttonhole. My wife told me this, for I was clearing the lodgers' slot meters—right down in the cellar—when Pillbrown came. As a matter of fact, I did not see him again till the next evening but one, when I happened to be passing Seth Bitumen's door just as Pillbrown popped out on me.

"Ah, Yardish," he said, trying to shake my hand—a most unusual thing for him to do. "I'm getting on all right, but it's not pleasant. Everything I touch in there seems to have had Seth's hands on it just a moment before. What a strain it's going to be to work out the terms of the will. He must have known it."

"Well worth it," I commented, and wished for my own sake and my wife's that another three hundred and sixty days had passed by.

"See what I've done," he urged. "Look, all those shelves there and that nest of drawers. Sorted everything; tied up everything; listed everything just as provided for. Next I shall tackle this box."

"Nothing much there?" I queried casually.

"Sheer rubbish," answered Pillbrown. "Nearly all of it old books, copies of old letters, bits of old files, junk such as only an old fool would keep who's so mad on collecting that he wouldn't part with anything—not even old bootlaces. I shall be delighted when I can give you the O.K. to burn the lot."

I hovered and was finally drifting out on to the landing when he called me back and placed an urgent hand on my arm.

"Don't leave me alone, Yardish!" His voice was like that of a pleading child.

"I've got to," I answered a bit roughly. "And don't forget the will, either; where it said you had to work here alone."

"That's Seth's cunning," he said coughing, as a cloud of dust rose from a box he had just emptied on to the worn-out carpet. "He doesn't want to lose his influence over me till he's got to. Well, you can at least put your head in at the door whenever you come by, can't you? That'll cheer me up sometimes, eh?"

"The other night," I said. "Tuesday night—you went out very quick. You didn't even wash before you came down."

He started, and the colour drained from his face under the dust.

"Yes, I know," he said, trembling. "Got fed up with the place. Had a wash and brush up at the station."

I left him to it again, and so time went on, with Pillbrown dutifully attending to his distasteful task every weekday evening—sometimes full of cheery bravado, at other times nervous—more than uneasy; especially after he'd bought a motor car and when he had given an engagement ring to Miss Welby who, they did say, had once been on the stage.

My wife said to me one morning:—

"That job in Mr. Bitumen's old room is upsetting Mr. Pillbrown. Do you notice how thin he's getting?"

"A bit thinner, perhaps," I agreed.

"A lot thinner—especially in the face. And he walks stooping as if he was full of worry and trouble. Poor man; would he lose much if he stopped going into it?"

"Some thousands of pounds, anyway."

"Oh, well!" said my wife. "In that case it's worth sticking to. Perhaps Mr. Bitumen's old self will wear off the room in time, though it would do it quicker with a good clean out."

Certainly, poor Pillbrown showed signs of ever-growing strain, and certainly he was getting thinner both in face and body as the weeks wore on. Gradually, he lost all signs of the rather juvenile cocksureness which had made him so likeable. He sold his car; then he broke off his engagement with Miss Welby, and worried me to death asking me if I knew any legal ways how he could get the ring back. I never saw such a change in a man in my life.

But it was just on the turn of the fourth month from the date of Seth Bitumen's funeral when Pillbrown gave us our greatest surprise.

He had come down into our parlour after spending his usual hour upstairs, and came through the doorway in a high state of botheration, holding the fragments of his smashed pince-nez in one hand.

"Here's a nuisance, Yardish," he said, snappily. "Glasses fell off just now, and in looking for 'em I trod on 'em. More expense—more expense."

His querulous voice reminded me vividly of Seth Bitumen's and I thought "Well, there's a come-down for you, Oliver Pillbrown, not to be able to resist Seth alive or dead." But I didn't say anything aloud. My wife said brightly:—

"You can get something for the gold in the frame, can't you, Mr. Pillbrown?"

It was marvellous to see how his once cherubic lips widened out into thin lines as he gave a creditable imitation of the rat-trap snap of Bitumen's mouth whenever it spoke of money.

"Still, there's the cost of new lenses, Mrs. Yardish," he grumbled. "However, I'm nearly finished now with the contents of the room upstairs. A few more evenings and I shall have everything ready for the solicitor."

"So at least we can start burning soon," said my wife. "Surely taking away rubbish and burning it isn't really cleaning out in the sense of the will, is it?"

Pillbrown looked unexpectedly grave.

"I'm afraid it is, you know," he said. "Cleaning out must also mean clearing out. Besides, I'm not so sure now that I do want anything burnt, after all. It isn't doing any harm up there—and is the only full and complete back history of the business, isn't it? No, I think the only thing that really matters is to avoid needless expense."

We both stared at him. He gulped, and then apparently made up his mind to take a plunge.

"I've been turning over this question of expense for some time," he said. "And I think it might be better after all if I followed Seth's wishes in the matter and gave up my present digs. Besides, if I took over that upstairs room, as poor old Seth wished me to do when he was dead and buried, it would mean that you and Mrs. Yardish could have your two hundred pounds from the solicitor right away instead of waiting for so many more months to pass by, eh?"

My wife and I stared at each other this time. Rather shamefacedly, he urged:—

"Come, what do you think? Of course, I would pay you on the same liberal scale that Seth did, you know."

My wife didn't at first like the idea of never getting her room back, so to speak, but there were bills to pay; and two hundred pounds is two hundred pounds, so finally we agreed to let him have it.

"I can at least give the room the good clean-out it has always wanted, Mr. Pillbrown," said my wife, trying to make the best of things.

But he wouldn't hear of it.

"No. Seeing how everything reminds me so much of my poor old partner up in there, I think I had much rather—*much* rather—leave everything as it is, except, of course, for the usual clean sheets on the bed once a fortnight. What does a lonely bachelor like me want with a bedroom and a sitting-room such as I've got now, when he can have both in one so much cheaper? So, with your permission, I'll have my things moved in to-morrow on the greengrocer's barrow. He said he'd do the job for four shillings, but I dare say he'll come down to three and sixpence if I show him the ready money."

He put the bits of the broken pince-nez carefully into his waistcoat pocket and left us.

When he "moved in," as he put it, his goods and chattels comprised some old suits (he told us that he had sold his check suit to a friend for nearly as much as he had paid for it), a leather travelling case, a couple of hats, a few brown paper parcels, and some bundles of papers. But his new eyeglasses were not ready then and he was too short-sighted to do any proper sorting out.

The next evening he came to stay. I was upstairs putting a gas-fire to rights in one of the attic rooms when he arrived. My wife let him in, and a few seconds later she had raced up the stairs to me.

"Jim," she said. "Oh, Jim!"

Her face was white, and she was trembling.

"What is it, my dear?"

"Don't tell me I'm seeing things," she quavered. "Go down and look at Mr. Pillbrown."

Something urgent in her tone made me do it at once.

I knocked at his door, while my wife stood behind me, all of a dither.

"Come in," said a thin voice.

I went in and had the shock of my life, for there was Pillbrown seated at the table, smiling a hard smile at me just as Bitumen used to smile. His head was thrust forward like a tortoise's head, and he was wearing iron-framed spectacles just like Bitumen's spectacles, and his mouth had spread and gone thin-lipped. In nearly all respects he sat there just as Seth Bitumen had sat in the old days before his illness had made him a bed-ridden old nuisance.

I made some confused commonplace remark and closed the door on him. I met the mute questioning of my wife with a look that must have told her what she feared to know.

"My God, Jim!" she whispered. "Mr. Bitumen has come back, and we shall have to go all over it again."

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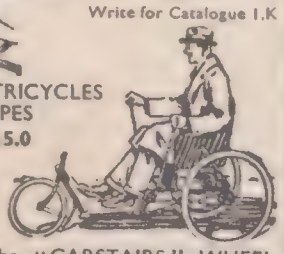

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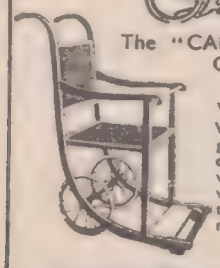

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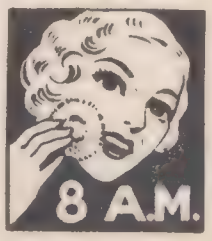

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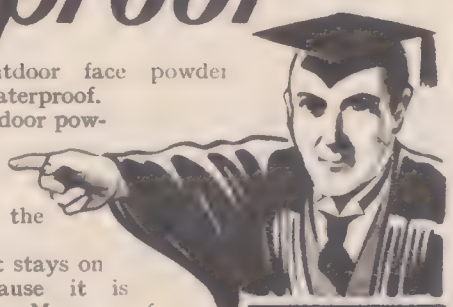

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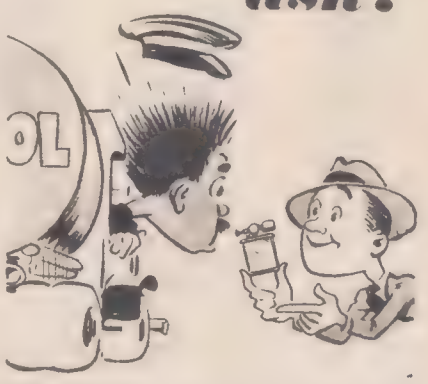

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Alasdair MacGregor

● FAMOUS SCOTTISH FOLKLORIST RECALLS LEGENDS OF THE HAUNTED ISLES . . . .

UNTIL recent times inhabitants of Donegal and of the many islands lying off the west coast of Ireland believed the seal to be of human origin, and capable of casting its skin and of assuming human form. Natives of Achill Island, for example, still speak of their seal ancestry; and the old folks of Achill strongly resent the killing of seals along the neighbouring coasts.

To this day you meet Gaels in Western Ireland who not only accept the tradition of the Seal-folk, but even declare that they have seen seals in the process of metamorphosis, have spoken with them at such times, and have listened to their singing. Authorities on Irish folk-lore tell us that the families of Coneely, O'Sullivan, O'Flaherty, and Mac-na-Mara are directly descended from the Seal-folk.

Natives of Aranmore were so deeply impressed with the Seal-folk tradition that, within living memory, nothing would induce them to molest a seal in any way. A folklorist, writing some years ago, explained that in Donegal in 1875 the islanders of Aranmore could not be induced to attack a seal.

"They were strongly under the impression that these animals were human beings metamorphosed by the power of their own witchcraft," he said. "In confirmation of this motion, they used to repeat the story of one Rodgers of their island, who, being alone in his skiff fishing, was overtaken by a storm and driven on the shore of the Scottish Highlands. Having landed, he approached a house which was close to the beach, and on entering it was accosted by name. Expressing his surprise at finding himself known in a strange country, and by one whom he had never seen, the old man who addressed him bared his head, and, pointing to a scar on his skull, reminded Rodgers of an encounter he had had with a seal in one of the caves of Aranmore. 'I was,' he said, 'that seal, and this is the mark of the wound you inflicted on me. I do not blame you, however, for you were not aware of what you were doing.'"

As far as their legends and traditions of the Seal-folk are concerned, Ireland, the Outer Hebrides, Argyll and her Islands, the Orkney and Shetland Isles, Caithness and Sutherland, and the north-east coast of Scotland—and even Norway and Greenland, for that matter—share a folk lore similar to each other. Although to-day the Children of the Seals are barely remembered in the Hebrides except by the older inhabitants, traditions and folk-tales of this elusive race are still current in Western Ireland, and also in the Northern Isles.

It is believed in the Hebrides that the seals were royal attendants in the Palaces of Lochlann (Norway)—the Land of the King of Sleep—whence they came to the shores of Western and Northern Scotland and of Ireland as secret emissaries in the service of their kings.

The North Uist sept known as the Clan MacCodrum of the Seals, a sept of the historic Clan Ranald of the Isles, has been named traditionally and for centuries the Children of the Seals. The tradition of the Seal-folk as it existed in the Hebrides is alluded to by Sheriff Nicolson among his collection of Gaelic proverbs, where he makes mention of the *Clann MhicCodruim nan Rôn*, the Children of MacCodrum of the Seals.

Nicolson recites the Seal-folk legend concerning the MacCodrums having been metamorphosed into seals, but they retained their human souls even though they altered their form. In the Outer Hebrides generally, and in North Uist in particularly, popular belief has it that the MacCodrums were seals by day and human beings by night. Since the MacCodrums were conscious of their seal affinity, nothing would induce them to kill or to molest or injure a seal in any way.

Whereas the natives of Western Ireland refrained from interfering with seals because they looked upon them as transmuted human beings, the MacCodrums of the Hebrides showed them the greatest deference not merely because they believed them to be of human origin, but because they believed them to be of their very own flesh and blood—their very kith and kin.

Seal-folk tradition in the Western Highlands and Islands asserts than the Clan MacCodrum of the Seals derived its title from a progenitor who, when wandering by the shore of his Hebridean isle, came upon a company of seals as they were in the act of discarding their seal-coats before bathing themselves.

Home with one of the coats dashed MacCodrum, and he was on the point of concealing his find above the lintel of his door when its seal-woman owner followed him in. This seal-woman MacCodrum restrained from returning to the sea. He clothed her with garments similar to those worn by ordinary human beings on his native Island of North Uist.

Later they married and had a large family. This *clann* or family became known throughout the Western Isles and even in Ireland as the Children of MacCodrum of the Seals. But one day, when MacCodrum was away from home, his seal-woman wife searched the house for her seal-skin. On finding it, she donned it once more, and immediately returned to her sea-kindred.

Lieut. Thomas, the indefatigable folklorist, contributed in 1852 to the "Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries" a ballad he obtained in Shetland from the dictation of a venerable "lady-udaller" who resided at Suarra Voe, one of the most remote districts of the Northern Isles. According to Thomas, the ballad "is founded on the superstition of the Seals or Selkies being able to throw off their waterproof jackets and assume the more graceful proportions of the genus Homo."

The term Silky, he informs us further, is commonly used in these parts for a seal—a word that appears as though it might be a corruption of the Norse *selch*, a seal. The rocky islet of Sule Skerry, situated some twenty-five miles to the westward of Hoy Head, in Orkney, is still the resort of thousands of seals; and the ballad referred to is "The Great Silkie of Sule Skerrie," the third verse of which runs thus:

"I am a man upo' the lan'
An' I am a Silkie in the sea;
An' when I'm far and far frae lan',
My dwelling is in Sule Skerrie."

Frequent references are to be found in authoritative books on the Orkneys and Shetlands of the manner in which Silkies could change themselves into human beings.

Among the many folk-tales current in the Shetland Isles about the Seal-folk is one that tells of a fisherman who, when on his way to the fishing early one morning, passed close to a rock on which a large bull seal lay asleep in the sun. He plunged his knife deep into its flesh, and the wounded animal immediately flopped its way from the rock, slithering into the sea, with him the Shetlander's knife still embedded in his back.

Some years later this Shetlander, in company with others from the Northern Isles, paid a visit to Norway (Lochlann) to buy timber for building purposes on the treeless Shetlands. Stuck in a beam supporting the roof of the first house he entered was the knife with which he had tried to kill the seal. He firmly believed his last moment had arrived, but the master of this Norwegian household simply took the knife down from the beam and, in returning it, warned him of the consequences he might expect if ever again he sought to slay a seal sunning himself on the rocks.

There is a tradition in the Northern Isles that even the trows (the fairies of

Sea-cave in the Seal-folk's country.

The tideway between North Uist and the Isle of Berneray, a familiar haunt of the Seal-folk.

these parts) sometimes changed themselves into seals—particularly the land-trows, who were more often in need of such metamorphosis than were the sea-trows. Land-trows, it is said, were obliged to take the form of seals when, in search of a human wife, they had to cross from one island to another. There is an Orcadian belief that trows are prone to foist themselves on bachelors who may be giving a thought occasionally to matrimony; and Orcadian mothers, when cross with their children, frequently use the phrase, "Trow tak' thee!"

When a lady-trow decided to go ashore on one of the Northern Isles in search of a human husband, she instantly discarded her seal-skin. If in later years she happened to come upon her seal-skin, she was tempted to get into it again, and return to the sea, even at the cost of abandoning husband and children for ever. The Seal-folk traditions of the Orkneys and Shetlands are replete with instances in which seal-women have deserted their families.

There is a story told of an old Shetlander who, when shipwrecked on an island some considerable distance from his own, entered a house, the interior of which seemed strangely familiar to him. Imagine his consternation, then, when he recognised in the housewife his sister who, some twenty years earlier, had disappeared mysteriously from her home.

His realising that he had come to the house of a trow made him eager to depart, lest anything untoward should occur, but his sister pressed him to tarry a while, and accept from her such viands as she was able to produce. No sooner was he seated at a meal than a large seal entered the room, passed quietly in front of him on his way to an inner apartment, and returned a moment or two later in the guise of a pleasant, well-favoured man, who made the shipwrecked islander doubly welcome on his sister's account.

Once there lived among the sea-tangled caverns of north-western Scotland a people called the Children of the Mermaid. Tradition in the remote sea-clachans of Sutherland maintains that the Children of the Mermaid were the offspring of a fisherman and mermaid who, having forfeited the fishtail-shaped seal-skin covering the lower part of her body, made it possible for her admirer to capture her and take her to his home.

But there came a day when the Children of the Mermaid, while playing in the barn, chanced to discover among the rafters a seal-skin with a fish-like tail. This they immediately brought to their mother. Before their eyes she donned the seal-skin, and, without even bidding them good-bye, rushed away to the water. Not since that day has the mermaid been seen by the shores of Sutherland; nor have the natives heard tell of her. But they declare that her progeny and her descendants have derived from the sea richer and fuller harvests than have the ordinary inhabitants of these parts.

Scandinavian folklore is rich in allusions to a curious race inhabiting the archipelagoes, known as the Finn-folk. These elusive creatures are akin, it is said, to the users of kayaks. They are described, like the Eskimos, as spending most of their lives in paddling through the narrow fiords in light canoes covered with seal-skins.

It is easy to imagine how, in the process of time, the popular belief in the Seal-folk gained currency in western Ireland, in the Hebrides, and in the Northern Isles, when we remember that as late as the early years of the eighteenth century their sea-ways were visited by strange little men who paddled about in kayaks, and at a distance resembled seals, and, as is proved both by tradition and ethnology, became absorbed by the native population of the Isles of northern and western Scotland, and of western Ireland.

But, for my own part, I like to think of the Seal-folk—and of the MacCodrums in particular—as vassals long, long ago in the royal Palaces of the Kings of Lochlann, and as having come to our Isles as secret emissaries from the Courts of the King of Sleep. They are, indeed, the Children of the Scandinavian King—under enchantment.

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The contributors include such famous names as Frances Pitt, Professor Julian Huxley, L. R. Brightwell, F.Z.S., and S. L. Bensusan. They sweep aside for ever the "text-book" idea of animal articles.

There is a short story and a serial, pages and pages of pictures and prizes for snaps taken by readers. Animal books and films are reviewed and it will also contain a history of the Zoo.

"Zoo," incidentally, is an official organ of the Zoological Society of London. Make sure you get No. 1 out next Wednesday, May 27, price sixpence. The greatest monthly magazine of its kind in the world.

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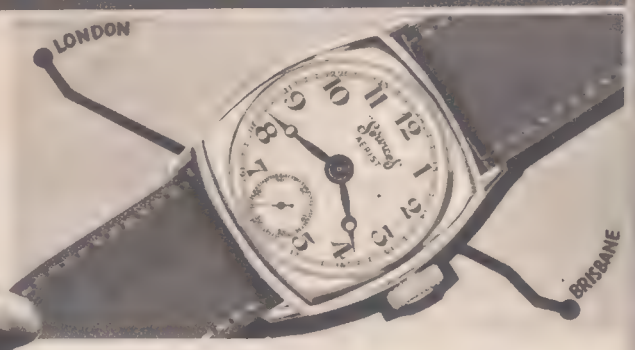

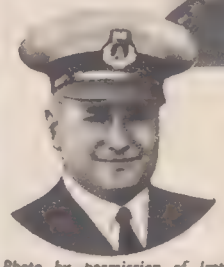

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'ASPRO' Workers Well Looked After

THE makers of 'Aspro' evidently believe in making work a pleasure for their staff, and a large and beautifully designed new Welfare Department has just been added to the already imposing 'Aspro' buildings at Slough, Bucks. Specially designed as an addition to the social and recreative facilities available for the 'Aspro' staff, the new building includes luncheon and refreshment rooms, dance hall, rest rooms, first-aid department, and badminton courts. Adjoining, is a smaller building housing a squash rackets court and gymnasium. Dressing rooms, shower baths, and sun-ray apparatus are included. Lawns, beds ablaze with flowers, and hard courts, surround the buildings, and nearby is a huge new sports ground where 'Aspro' champions indulge in their favourite sports. Health and happiness inside and outside their works appears to be the aim of 'Aspro' Limited.

RECORDS ARE BROKEN HERE!
"One of the Sights"

The breaking of records is not confined to the track. It has spread to London's latest man's store—Simpson of Piccadilly. The unsupported span of over sixty feet at the entrance is believed to be the largest in London; the window of the main staircase is well over half the height of Nelson's column; the curved glass of the shop-front is the largest ever manufactured. A Gift Shop where women can buy ties and other things that men will *really* like. These gifts are practically in every case exclusive to Simpson. They hail from New York, and other centres of fashion. On the seven floors of this new modern building a man may buy a tiny thing like a buttonhole or a completely equipped sailing boat; get a suit or a shave, a snack or a tropical outfit; read the latest market reports on the tape machine or examine the technicalities of the aeroplanes on the Exhibition Floor.

Simpson, Piccadilly, is one of the sights. It can be visited as freely and without the slightest hint of obligation, just as easily as any other "place to see" in London. Already the big shop is a favourite rendezvous for the man about town and his friends.

True Life Stories

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

IN my young days I was an elementary-school teacher. At that time girls commenced teaching at fifteen years of age, serving a four-years' pupil-teachership, teaching during the day and studying in the evening, before sitting for the scholarship exam.

I served my apprenticeship that way, and I sat for my examination. I did quite well, but did not go to college, for my mother was a widow, and I was her main support.

I am afraid I was a better student than teacher. I loved study, but teaching I found wearisome and irksome. However, I struggled conscientiously enough with the children.

I was offered a post in my home town as soon as the scholarship results were published, and I took it gladly, for my mother needed me at home. So I became Ex-P.T. in one of the schools.

I was just nineteen years old. I was given a class of eighty children, with a pupil-teacher of fifteen years of age to help me. I worked hard in those days, and when I reached home, I studied for my certificate, working often until the small hours of the morning. When my more fortunate friends had finished their college course, I too had taken my final exam. and was, like them, certificated, though of course untrained.

But those two years took their toll of me, and an incident happened during that period, the burden of which I carried for many weary months.

The salaries of the staff were drawn from a local bank each month, and it was my job to fetch the money. The change from my ordinary work was very welcome, though the responsibility of carrying so much cash always lay heavily upon me until I had seen the Head check it and find it correct.

She always counted out my salary after the checking, offered me the salary sheet for my signature, with a piece of blotting paper laid carefully over all the other salaries. This routine ended, I resumed my duties, and she then paid the other assistants, leaving her own salary till the last.

On one of these salary days she called me to her desk again. She said she found her salary a pound short and she asked if she might see mine. I showed it to her, but it was correct.

She commenced questioning me, asking if I could have brought a shortage from the bank, but I reminded her that she had checked it. We searched all about the platform, on which her desk stood, for the missing sovereign, but without any result. Then she told me that she wondered, knowing my mother was a widow, and was dependent on me, whether I had been tempted to take the money.

I don't think I can ever forget the misery of that day. I don't know whether the other teachers ever knew of the shortage, but the memory of it never left me and I was unhappy all the time. When after some months I was transferred to another school, I was very thankful for the change.

I carried away with me one bright recollection. We had had an occasional visitor, a clergyman, who was the vicar of the church where our head worshipped. We always loved to see him, for he brought sunshine with him.

He was a rotund little man, with black hair and shining dark eyes, which were full of laughter when he talked to the children. He walked with a springy step, and when he stood on the platform he had a habit, as he spoke, of rising on his toes and dropping suddenly on his heels. As the platform was somewhat the worse for wear, we teachers wondered if he would ever go through it.

Besides this mannerism, he had a way of commencing many of his sentences with the quaint phrase, "A there's a the." Because of this latter peculiarity, and as he usually visited the school on a Thursday, we coined him the name of "Old Thursathy."

Some years afterwards, I married. From being an assistant mistress in a large school I became the wife of a farmer in the heart of the country.

My new home had been handed down from father to son for generations and with it, to one whose labour is so often crowned with big and unavoidable losses, that almost soul-destroying legacy, a heavy mortgage.

As I went about my daily work, this latter liability gave me much food for thought. I decided that the mortgage must go, and I bent all my energies towards the reduction of the debt.

I sat up at night and helped my husband with calving cows, I dressed poultry, worked at hay-making, in fact, turned my hand to everything I could.

My husband, from force of necessity, had always worked early and late, but he loved it, farming was in his blood. He

TAKE THE LAST CHANCE

READERS who have not yet sent in their applications for THE PASSING SHOW's grand new Triple Presentation should do so without delay.

Thousands have taken prompt action to make certain of this splendid offer.

Just think!—a gold-nib Fountain Pen, guaranteed for two years, a companion Propelling Pencil and a Penknife—all to match.

The pen is fashioned in a new unbreakable material. It has a 14-carat solid gold nib with a jewel-like tip of iridium, and is fitted with a safety device on the pen-cap to protect the nib and prevent leakage. The pencil has spare leads in a special container. The companion penknife has two blades of mirror-polish Sheffield steel.

The superb De Luxe Style Set, a limited supply of which is also available, is already in great demand. This set is enriched by the addition of inlaid bands of 18-carat rolled gold on both pen and pencil.

Remember—after this week no further Reservation Forms will be published. All applications must be received by June 3. Fill up the Forms on pages 4 and 5, and post them to-night.

The Missing Sovereign

There was a sudden rending of wood. The vicar stumbled . . .

was an abstemious man, neither drinking nor smoking, so in a few years we were able to reduce our burden. In another year or so we again lessened it. And so the time passed until we found ourselves free.

And then I began to wonder whether "to arrive" was really better than the struggling journey. We had now no interest to pay, and our bank balance began to increase, but we didn't seem to have much use for it. All our lives we both of necessity had to practise severe economy, we had never been used to spending and we hardly knew how to begin.

Now there came to our house, among other customers, a woman from my home town, who purchased chickens, ducklings, eggs, fruit and other produce. She called periodically, and usually stayed for a cup of tea with us, and have a chat. One day she told us that the vicar of her church was holding a "pound day" to raise money for the improvement of a building, once a school, but now used as a social club, for the vicar's young men.

The vicar proposed, she told us, that fifty of the church members should each give a pound note, and that they should each bring a friend with them, who would do the same. She invited me to go with her to the meeting. I offered her a pound note gladly and my husband promptly produced another, but she would have none of our offering, unless I accompanied her to the meeting at the club.

I went, and lo! found myself in the school where I had taught thirty years ago. The majority of those present were men and women who appeared to have come from retirement to give their "mite" as a thank-offering.

They were strangers to me. As the years had passed, I had gradually lost touch with the town-folk. I wondered what had happened to my old head mistress, and the clergyman, "Old Thursathy." Perhaps they had both passed into the "Great Beyond."

Yet almost simultaneously with my thought, the Vicar himself came up the room. Except that his black hair had turned white, and his step was a little less springy than of old, he was unaltered. A few seconds later, someone sat down beside me, and I knew, though I never once glanced in her direction, that she was my one-time Head, and though I felt that she didn't look at me, yet I was certain she recognised me.

"She will think," I told myself, "that one pound is for the missing sovereign, and the other the interest."

How unhappy I felt; oh, that I had remained at home! Then something happened. The Vicar rose on his toes and dropped on his heels just as he had done years ago. Perhaps he came down more heavily, and the platform was more worn. Whatever the cause, there was a sudden rending of wood, and clouds of dust. For a moment we feared that the Vicar was hurt, but he assured us he had escaped with a few bruises.

Then it was, that one of his flock, who rushed to his assistance, stooped and picked up a piece of the broken flooring. From a joint in the wood she extracted something which she laid in the palm of her hand. She turned it over, rubbed it, and finally held it up for inspection. It was a golden sovereign!

People gazed at the shining disc as though it had been a precious stone. The Vicar was the first to come to realities.

"This bit of gold," he said, "will help to increase to-day's splendid collection."

Then he remarked as an after-thought: "That is, unless anyone lays claim to it, in which case we shall be very glad to restore it to its rightful owner."

There was a second's silence, and then my neighbour stood up. In the quiet, commanding voice I had known years ago, she said: "Vicar, I think the sovereign is mine. I lost it many years since. It must have rolled along the platform and buried itself in the faulty joint. It will give me much pleasure if you will accept it and add it to to-day's collection."

Of course there was much applause, and a few minutes later everyone was streaming toward the exits. We had given our donations and the meeting was over.

As I turned, my one-time Head suddenly looked me in the face. She took my hand, and for one moment held it in a firm clasp.

"My dear," she said, softly, "forgive me."

That was all, but as she spoke, the burden of the years fell from me, and as I turned my steps homewards, my heart sang a song of great thankfulness.

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You're Telling Us!

WE REGRET TO ANNOUNCE a disturbing element of sinister rivalry among the eager, shove-a-penny champions at our beck-and-call. The object of their attention is not our old China—it may be valuable even though it is cracked and usually contains cold tea—or our library of dilapidated thrillers, but the lowly waste paper basket into which, with great sorrow we are forced by lack of space to drop so many letters.

With these letters go envelopes bearing the stamps of China, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand, France, the United States, the North West Frontier—and even Bootle. What a fatal fascination for stamp-chasing youth is this piece of wicker furniture of which any League of Nations official might be proud!

So we have engaged Quick-firing Phil, late 1st New York sub-Machine Gunners, to watch our postbag with the eye that survived the St. Valentine's Day massacre at Liverpool's Stadium. Actually it will be rather refreshing to have a strong-arm man in the office after reading a letter from Lance-Corporal H. R. Waites who is stationed with his regiment on the North West Frontier.

WITH THE MODESTY that so endears us to strong, silent men from the wide open spaces, Thomas Atkins makes light of his life of danger.

"I suppose you read stories of the Frontier that make you long to be out here testing your hunting skill and your marksmanship against the cunning, sharp-eyed Pathans and Afridis. Well, you can have my job and I'll have yours behind a roll-top desk," he says. "It is no joke tramping about the Frontier with rifle and equipment, always on the alert and constantly hearing the crack of a rifle up on the 'Khudside' followed by the smack of a bullet somewhere near to you. Occasionally some one is killed or wounded, but you still carry on.

"Only when attacked by a force of tribesmen are we allowed to return their fire. We are not allowed to travel about even in pairs with rifles and ammunition, for we would soon be caught and cut up by tribesmen who wanted our arms. You go out of the camp unarmed in parties of six with an escort of armed Khassadars who you pay out of your own pocket at the rate of a rupee a day.

"These Khassadars, peaceful tribesmen who are paid by the Government to bring back information about troublesome tribes, are supposed to be trusted men, but it was proved only four months ago that a Khassadar had killed our regimental sergeant major"—this sounds like sabotage!—"and it is thought that when the other tribes are quiet, the Khassadars do some shooting on their own just to make believe they are still needed, for nobody is allowed out without their protection."

So our sun-burned hero sighs for the shores of England because he has been in India for five years and must be there for yet two more. He says that not only is PASSING SHOW a great favourite on Indian bookstalls, but also many barrack rooms all over the country are decorated with its cartoons. (So life ought to be pretty good!) "Anyone with a wanderlust should wander up here," he adds. "I have had enough."

Now that is not the spirit, we hasten to add, of an Empire builder, or the spirit that keeps the old school tie flying at the outposts of civilisation. Think of Clive or that famous corporal who had cold feet after visiting Moscow, but don't mention Wellington winning the battle of Waterloo on the playing fields of Eton because Martin Clarke of Liverpool is on the warpath. . . . "The public school boy who must take any jolly old job that staggers along nowadays has been making the news lately," says Martin.

THE FACT IS THAT he can't hold a candle to his less fortunate brothers, who were born with tin spoons in their mouths. Now they are receiving an education formerly denied to them, they are running him off his feet. When our educational system makes it possible for more of the poorer classes to continue studies for a longer period, then old school ties will be two a penny, if not cheaper."

Probably, Martin, old boy, probably.

Keeps the old school tie flying.

SERVICE

Are you faced with the "where to stay" holiday problem? If so, write to us about it.

Tell us what type of hotel accommodation you want, at what resort, whether licensed or unlicensed. How much do you want to pay per day? And for how long.

Write to Advisory Bureau, "Passing Show," Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, W.C.2, enclosing a 1½d. stamp, and we will send you details of suitable accommodation free of charge.

Bowlers are killing romance.

But dash it all, don't you realise that Public School boys learn such things as the non-existence of Father Christmas in spite of and not because of their education? Fancy your thinking Public Schools had anything to do with learning.

HAVING THUS DISPOSED of Old School Ties let us now confess that Mrs. Leslie Wood, of Primrose Hill, London, has nearly ruined our editorial composure with the aggressiveness of her question. "What, if anything, do you intend to do about bowler hats?"

There's female ferocity for you. . . . "It is not so much that bowler hats offend the eye," says she, "as a matter of fact I think their 'line' quite graceful, but that they are so smugly and self-satisfiedly unromantic. Even those worn by Lancashire football fans, low in the crown and curly of brim, are far too tame for the average woman. How can one have a *grande passion* for a man who wears a natty gents' bowler exactly like every other gent's bowler?

"Their blackness, too, is another source of indignation. There have been attempts to introduce nut-brown bowlers, but their vogue does not extend beyond Newmarket. Why shouldn't bank managers—if they must wear bowlers—wear green and their clerks orange 'domes' with contrasting bands of black?

"The only real value I can see in a bowler is that it keeps the rain out; but so does corrugated iron. Bowlers are killing romance.

"Could Josephine have loved Napoleon if he had worn a bowler or Cleopatra have taken to Caesar if he had sported a black bulge?" And now we will adjourn while Mr. Wood slinks out into the garden to bury his bowler.

PERSONALLY, WE FEAR that even if we did throw the old bowler to the wolves of Wall-street no right-minded female would feel a *grande passion*—whatever that may be—when we loomed on the horizon; and then we find a bowler hat so useful for keeping the gold-fish in while we change their water.

Why other men are so faithful to bowler hats is a problem that must be grouped with other strange things such as why men with short overcoats wear long plus fours, why tall girls tow tiny men to town.

We might even suggest a competition in which readers should enumerate those things they can't understand; but so many people have obviously lost their sleep o' nights finding the answer for that old problem about the oranges that we are afraid the Ministry of Health might complain about our robbing the nation of its beauty sleep.

We are, however, deeply grateful to all those mathematicians who found so many different answers to the problem; as far as we are concerned they are all correct.

Half a guinea is paid for each letter or quotation printed. Address: "Readers' Letters," "Passing Show," 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2. Please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss.

Solution Next Week

CLUES ACROSS

1. Performing.
5. Big Ben out of action would be this.
11. 3 with high card becomes less substantial.
14. Here gentle breezes may blow.
15. Can sad mongrel for this.
18. The part greater than the whole in a stone.
19. Final carriages.
20. Affirmatives.
22. O wings of beliefs.
24. Editorial convention.
25. Mire may be hoar.
26. Hold meal perhaps.
28. These may pinch.
29. Mates united.
31. There's comfort in such ending.
33. Appreciates highly.
35. Regulation.
38. We live in one.
39. Ince beef (anagram).
42. Attains state of ebullition.
43. Rice to love-lorn.
44. Lowlands.
45. He harbours unkind feelings.
46. Sugar from this.

CLUES DOWN

1. Perverted.
2. Lack of movement.
3. Devout female.
4. Decapitated Elizabethan oath.
5. So a Vere de Vere might term his home.
6. Names for a house.
7. A small word to express much.
8. Life's essential.
9. Where eagles dwell.
10. Lads for counterparts.
12. Mogul deputy.
13. Places of consultation.
16. Facsimiles.
17. Decore the product of a gimlet for this. What is left will fill 42 down.
21. 28 down curtailed and reversed.
23. Goddess of retribution.
27. Bargains expected.
28. Underground channel.
30. This they do, presumably, at a 27.
32. Less unbalanced mentally.
34. This is reticulated.
36. More than a bit if a mouthful.
37. A portion of a section will suffice.
39. Oval implement, though not so shaped.
40. Grandfather's pocket.
41. This French association may be cold stuff.
42. See clue to 17.

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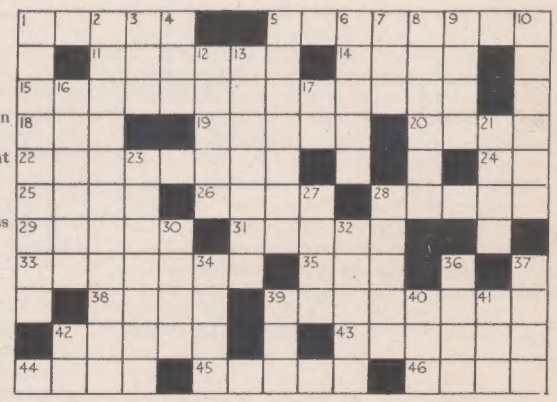
BEE AT PARASOL
PARTICIPATES DO
ONCE SPOLIATE N
I HRH UNSOLACED
SEA OLD N WOVE
E N TRASH BANE
ADROIT BEYOND
TRIASSIC E ME
ITS CON REPINE
N EVANGELIC C D



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A2

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When it comes to choosing medicine for your child there can be no two ways. Nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances where that is concerned—she will never gamble with "cheap," untried preparations.

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Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

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Always remember that there is nothing "just as good" as 'Milk of Magnesia.' *Of all chemists, 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also* 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' *brand* TABLETS. *1/- per box, and in bottles 2/- and 3/6 for family use.*

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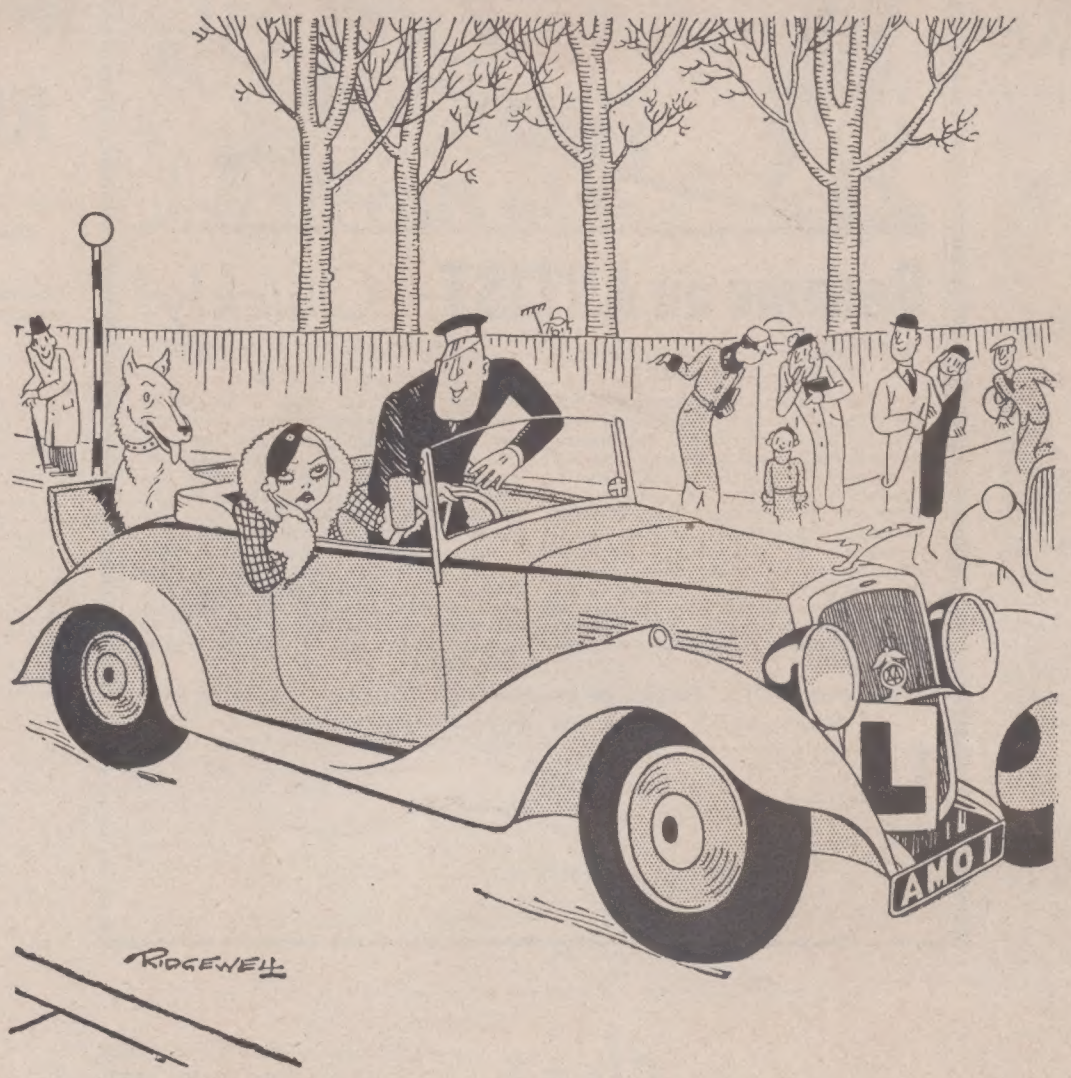

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